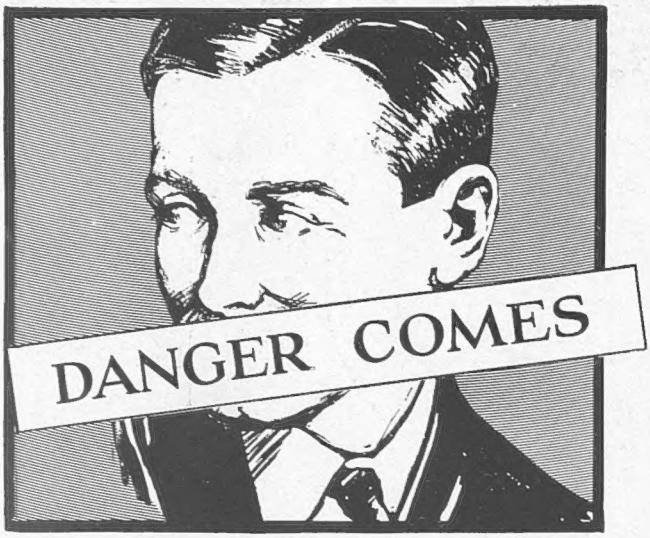
THE BYSTANDER JUNE 12TH 1929

The BYSTANDER

SUMMER NUMBER

1/-



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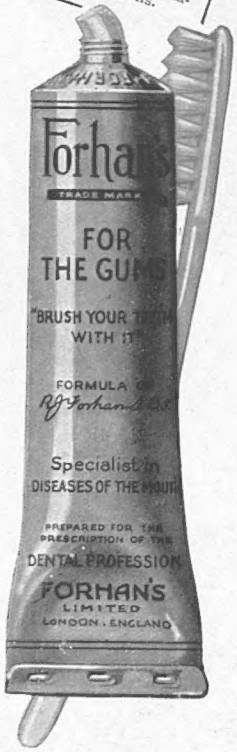

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THE NEW PREMIER EN FAMILLE

Sasha

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald photographed with his younger son, Malcolm, who joins him in the House, having won Bassetlaw for Labour, and his daughters, Ishbel and Joan. Miss Ishbel MacDonald will doubtless again act as hostess at No. 10, Downing Street

The Passing Hour

Keystone

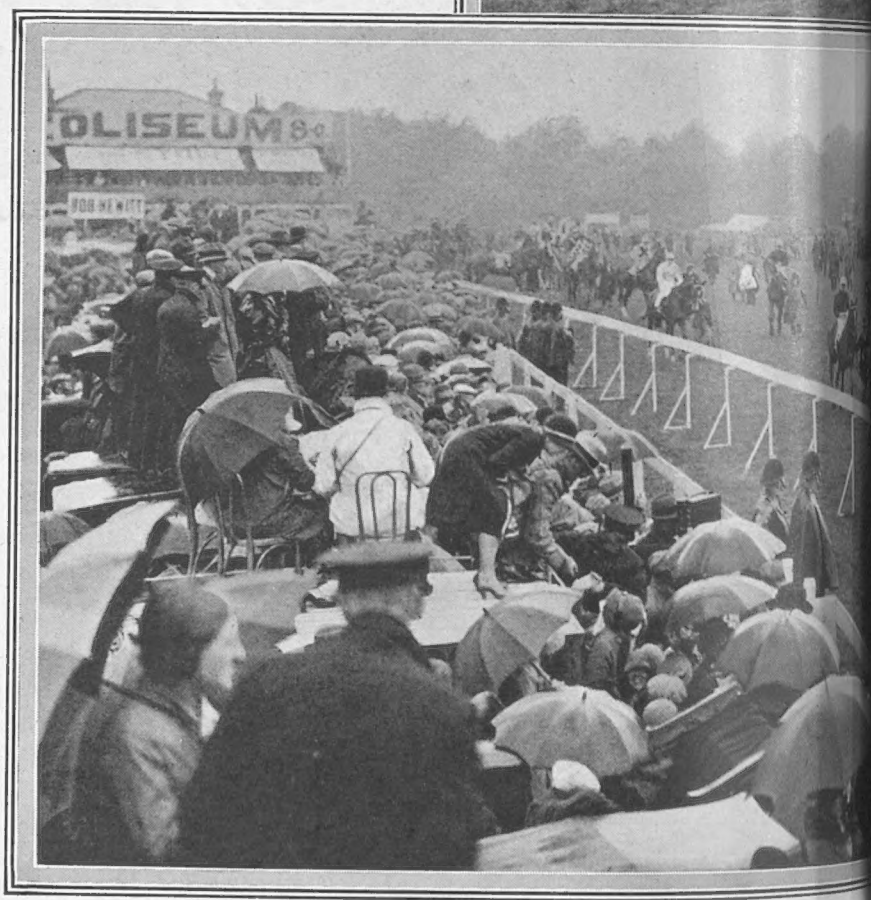
The Prince of Wales arriving at Epsom to see the running of the Derby last Wednesday. He inspected the horses in the paddock before the race

On With the Dance

WITH the scuffle of the Election past and the menace of Labour softened by Mr. MacDonald's wily cry of "Country first," the Season resumes its more hectic complexion. The debutantes may take the stage again now the politicians and Trigo have left it. Before them lies the prospect of the second Courts on June 26 and the night following, and previous to that, Ascot and the International Horse Show at Olympia, when Kensington finds itself decorated with a bouquet of foreign uniforms—French, Belgian, Italian and Dutch—though the liveliness of their costume may be offset by the horsemanship of our military competitors from the Weedon School of Equitation. The International Horse Show is Lord Lonsdale's particular enjoyment of the year, and once again he will have his annual prank with the costermongers and their donkeys, malmaison magnificent in his buttonhole. I saw him on Derby night looking younger and healthier than many men twenty years his junior, and he is seventy-two.

The Londonderry Ball

NO, I did not go to Epsom. Of all meetings in the year the Derby, I always think, is one to be avoided. I prefer to enjoy it in any other way than on the racecourse—by wireless, by tape or, as I actually did, by the evening newspapers. The curious thing is I find I usually know more about the race than people who have been down. One thing I did do in this year's Derby, I managed to back Brienz, which slightly mitigated disappointment at Hunter's Moon being unplaced. I began the evening in the exotic surroundings of the newly decorated Claridge's, which permitted itself a surprisingly festive



The parade before the running of the Derby. Although few people on the course supported the winner of the race—supported Trigo to a man—and woman In fact England

THAT FATAL DERBY!—TO AL

Central News

The field seen passing the winning post at Epsom in a storm of rain, but not a storm of cheers! The victory of Mr. W Barnett's Irish-bred Trigo at 33 to 1 was welcomed by few of the onlookers—bookies always excepted!

Central News

...ple of Belfast—thanks to a wire sent shortly before ...a very much Ireland's gain

EXCEPT BELFAST

liberty by distributing hunting-horns and those little coloured carnival balls that provoke even septuagenarians into the friskiness of seven-year-olds. Lord and Lady Inverclyde, who returned to London a little time ago after their honeymoon, were dining, and I saw Count John McCormack, the singer, and his wife, Lady Furnivall, Lady Poulett and her daughter, Lady Bridget Poulett, and the tall Lady Lettice Lygon. Later there was a general migration to Londonderry House, in Park Lane, for Lord and Lady Londonderry's Derby ball. People were saying as they passed up between the banks of Harrisii lilies to be received by their hostess that not since 1914 drew a veil across the more splendid epoch of political and social nights entertainments had there been anything so memorable as this. Somebody, however, always does say that. Personally, I found it no more and no less interesting than previous occasions of similar account. At the top of that marble staircase whereon the feet of so many famous politicians of yesterday and to-day have stepped stood Lady Londonderry, about her neck and wrists the glitter of the Londonderry diamonds, and beside her Lord Londonderry. There were Liberals as well as Conservatives at this ball, for it had no political significance. Lord and Lady Beauchamp I saw, and Lord and Lady Allandale, both pre-eminent hostesses of the Liberal Party; and there were also Lord and Lady Grey and the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Mr. Baldwin seemed to be in contemplative mood, and, as if in mourning for the decease of his Government, he was one of the few men who wore no decorations. I also saw one of the brides of the month with her uncle. This was Miss Joyce Burnett, Lord Kylsant's niece, to be married next Friday to Mr. Robert Adeane at St. Margaret's. Miss Burnett is also the niece of Lord

THE EPIC "FOURTH" AT ETON

Central News

Visitors seen among the crowd in Weston's Yard on the "Fourth." The photograph was taken during the calling of "Absence"

St. Davids and Sir Ivor and Lady Philipps. It was her husband's mother whom Sargent painted with Lady Wemyss and the late Lady Grey of Fallodon in "Three Graces."

In the Honours List

THE discrimination which the late Government exercised in the bestowal of the Birthday Honours was something that might well have been applauded even by Mr. MacDonald's men. All who were included merited distinction by the country, particularly Lord Inchcape, Mr. Bridgeman, late First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor. That Mr. John Galsworthy should have been singled out for the honour of the Order of Merit as a representative of literature may not have the universal endorsement that his many fervent admirers might imagine. Some might have preferred consideration for Mr. Wells, Mr. Belloc or even the volatile Mr. Shaw, had anyone the temerity to offer it to him. Mr. Frederick Henry Richmond, who becomes, with Sir Arthur Balfour, one of our new baronets, is most properly rewarded for his great work in connection with the Middlesex Hospital, of which he is Governor. He is also Chairman of Debenhams. A knighthood that might well have been conferred earlier was that given to Mr. Ben Greet, the energetic actor-manager, who has for years done sterling work as a producer of Shakespeare and as a propagandist of good repertory plays. Dr. Robert Bridges, who, like Galsworthy, receives the O.M., is by no means a spectacular Poet Laureate. This does not mean he has done no good work, though, for some of his poems are undeniably masterpieces.

Sport and General

EAST AND WEST

Mr. A. G. Hazlerigg, the captain of the Eton First XI He is seen with an Indian visitor, Miss Bopsy Pavy

A Distinguished Diplomat

SIR WILLIAM TYRRELL, our Ambassador in Paris, who was created a baron in the Birthday Honours List, came over to London for the Derby and was present at the Derby Eve dinner at the Ambassadors Club. It was to be expected that his appointment to the foremost position in the Diplomatic Service, which Paris still is, would be marked by some such distinction. Sir William, the son of

THREE BEAUTIFUL FIANCÉES

Lenare

MRS. W. R. B. RENWICK

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Parkes, of Alveston, Warwickshire. Her marriage to Mr. W. R. B. Renwick, only son of Sir Harry Renwick, Bart., K.B.E., of Kingston, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 10

the late Mr. Justice Tyrrell, of the Indian Civil Service, has learnt most of his diplomacy in Whitehall, for he was at the Foreign Office as a Private Secretary to the then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as far back as 1896, and his only permanent contact with any of our Chancelleries abroad was at Rome long before the War, and in 1919 as Minister Plenipotentiary in the Special Mission to America. He has one daughter, Anne, who has been at most of the Season's dances these last few weeks, though naturally she is most of the time in Paris now. Lady Tyrrell, the Ambassador's wife, is not the type of woman one usually associates with the decorative brilliance of diplomatic and political life in Paris. Indeed, one might guess she is somewhat averse from it, having deeper interests than those of the many superficial obligations attendant upon the wife of an Ambassador. At the moment she is engaged in writing a voluminous *précis* of the world's history, on the suggestion, I believe, of Mr. H. G. Wells. One volume I have before me, another is to appear shortly, and she has planned, I believe, as many as half a dozen or more to follow it. If she ever wearies of her task, perhaps she can hand it on to her daughter, to whom the first volume is dedicated.

A Brush of Genius

MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS, who is delighting audiences at His Majesty's in *Mariette,* I think would be an admirable subject for a painting by Mr. Richard Sickert, A.R.A., who, having painted by far the finest picture in the Academy, is now holding a retrospective exhibition of his works at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Sickert delights in painting music-halls and the inside of theatres, and as Mlle. Printemps graduated from an open-air music-hall on the Champs Elysées (gas-jets and trombones) through revue into her present celebrity I feel that she would make an instantaneous appeal to his versatile and vigorous brush. I think I rate Mr. Sickert higher than Augustus John, because his work reveals the gift of imaginative humour, and with that humour he contrives to embody the spirit of truth. Just look at No. 106, "The Orchestra, Music-hall, Bath," and what do you see? Not row upon row of musicians, but a solitary woman with a profile one associates with Edwardian spinsters and conscientious second violins that in this single part conveys the whole. There are two stories I always enjoy about Mr. Sickert, and he alone will know if they are true. One is of his sending an entirely blank canvas to the Academy and then going there on varnishing day and with a few minutes' work turning it into a characteristic piece of first-class work; the other of his taking a palette knife and scraping down the colour from one of his canvases so that it would not "kill" the surrounding pictures. Turner once did the same thing.

Raphael

MISS PEPITA SUTTON

Whose marriage to Mr. Edward Becker, of the West Yorkshire Regt., will take place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on Saturday next, June 15. She is the elder daughter of Major-General Alexander Sutton and Mrs. Sutton

Lenare

MISS WANDA HOLDEN

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden, of Green Street, W. She is engaged to the Hon. C. W. Baillie-Hamilton, M.P. for Bath. Her fiancé is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Haddington

Lucky Thirteen

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the opening of the Richmond Horse Show this Thursday, the 13th, that admirable pianist, Miss Dai Buell, opens a new series of London recitals at the Æolian Hall. She has

TWO FAMOUS MEN IN THE HONOURS LIST

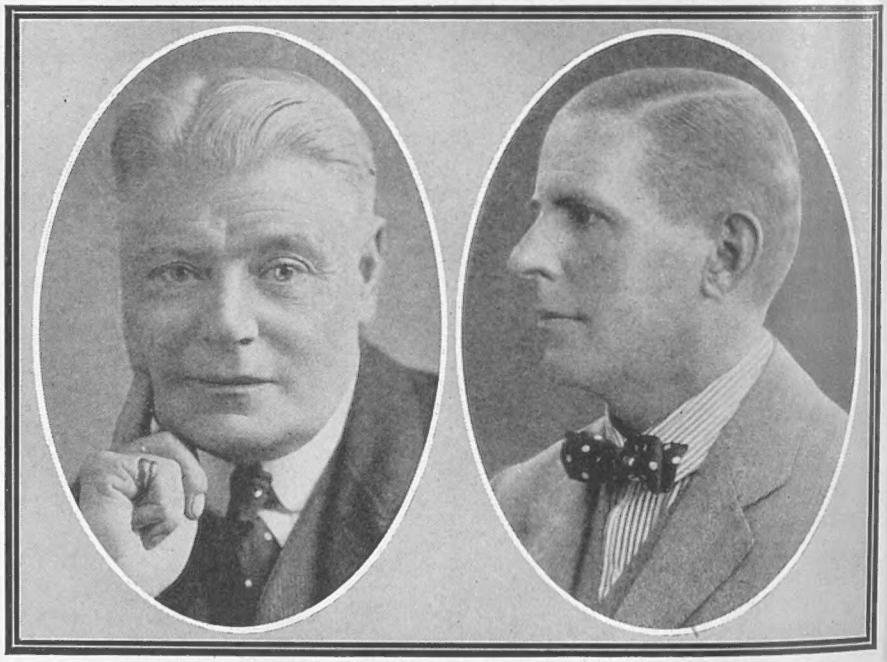
Marian Lewis

Mrs. Cynthia Davison, second daughter of the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, Bart., with her fiance, Baron K. Stutterheim. The latter, who comes of a very old Thuringian family, has lived in England for six years as the political correspondent of the "Berliner Tageblatt"

just returned from a successful tour in America, where a few years ago she was the first to give a complete pianoforte recital by wireless from the small experimental station at Medford Hillside, Massachusetts. Miss Buell is still a very young woman, and it is exceptional that in both America and on a Continental tour the critics allowed their customary tepid appreciation to be fanned into enthusiastic praise of her talent. Her concert on the 13th is an emphatic declaration against the popular superstition that thirteen is unlucky.

In the Provinces

PROVINCIAL polo, by the way, is evincing as much activity as that in London clubs. More and more hunts are organising their own polo clubs, including the Beaufort, of which the Duke of Beaufort is president, and the Bicester, whose ground is provided by the Master, Mr. H. M. Budgett; and for the first time Kent is to have a personal interest in county polo, for a new club has been inaugurated by the Eridge Hunt under the direction of Captain Alec Drummond, whose wife will be remembered as Miss Pauline Chase, the first "Peter Pan." The president of the new Eridge Club is Lord Camden, whose father-in-law, Lord Abergavenny, is Master of the Eridge. Minehead has been showing good games in the opening weeks of the season, though a good many of the players are now in Town and will not return until the Minehead tournament season begins in late summer. Mention of the West of England reminds me that, stirred by a certain impatience with the confinement of London life—no doubt a result of my recent excursion to Paris—I am stealing a few days next week, not on the Continent, but at Torquay. (Telegraphic address: Palace Hotel, where if the sea is too rough I may indulge a certain predilection for perfecting swallow dives in the hotel's new swimming pool.) The Continental holiday habit is growing so swiftly it is essential one should bestir oneself to combat this migration abroad by setting example to others to "See Britain First," for many now are more familiar with foreign resorts than those at home. We need a course of national advertisement, such as Mussolini is pursuing for Italy and the Italians.



Bassano

MR. BEN GREET

The famous Shakespearian actor and producer. His good work for the English stage has been rewarded with a knighthood. He made his first appearance on the stage fifty years ago

Rita Martin

MR FREDERICK RICHMOND

One of the Governors of Middlesex Hospital, on behalf of which he has done much charitable work, becomes a Baronet. He is also Chairman of the famous fashion house of Debenhams Ltd.

BEFORE—

DURING—

AFTER TREATMENT

I.B.

The GREAT BLIND EXPERIMENT

By K I M

It can scarcely now be pronounced a success, this great blind experiment of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, aided and abetted by one Jix, can it? A huge Conservative majority of 185 turned into a minority. Millions of young women who knew for the most part little or nothing of practical politics and cared less suddenly given the destinies of an Empire to play with as the mood might seize them! They had not even asked for the bauble. Large numbers scoffed at it when they found themselves with a vote! Here was the Conservative Leader who flung any certainty in politics into the melting pot by extending the franchise to young women over twenty-one in the face of lively opposition amongst his wisest supporters, despite the strongest protests at the Annual Conservative Congress in 1927. Not only gambling with the security of his country and yours, but not providing even some safeguard by a reorganisation of the House of Lords! Thanks to Mr. Baldwin we have a Socialist Government in office, a Conservative majority recklessly squandered, an unreformed House of Lords, and, worst of all, loss and lack of confidence in Conservative leadership.

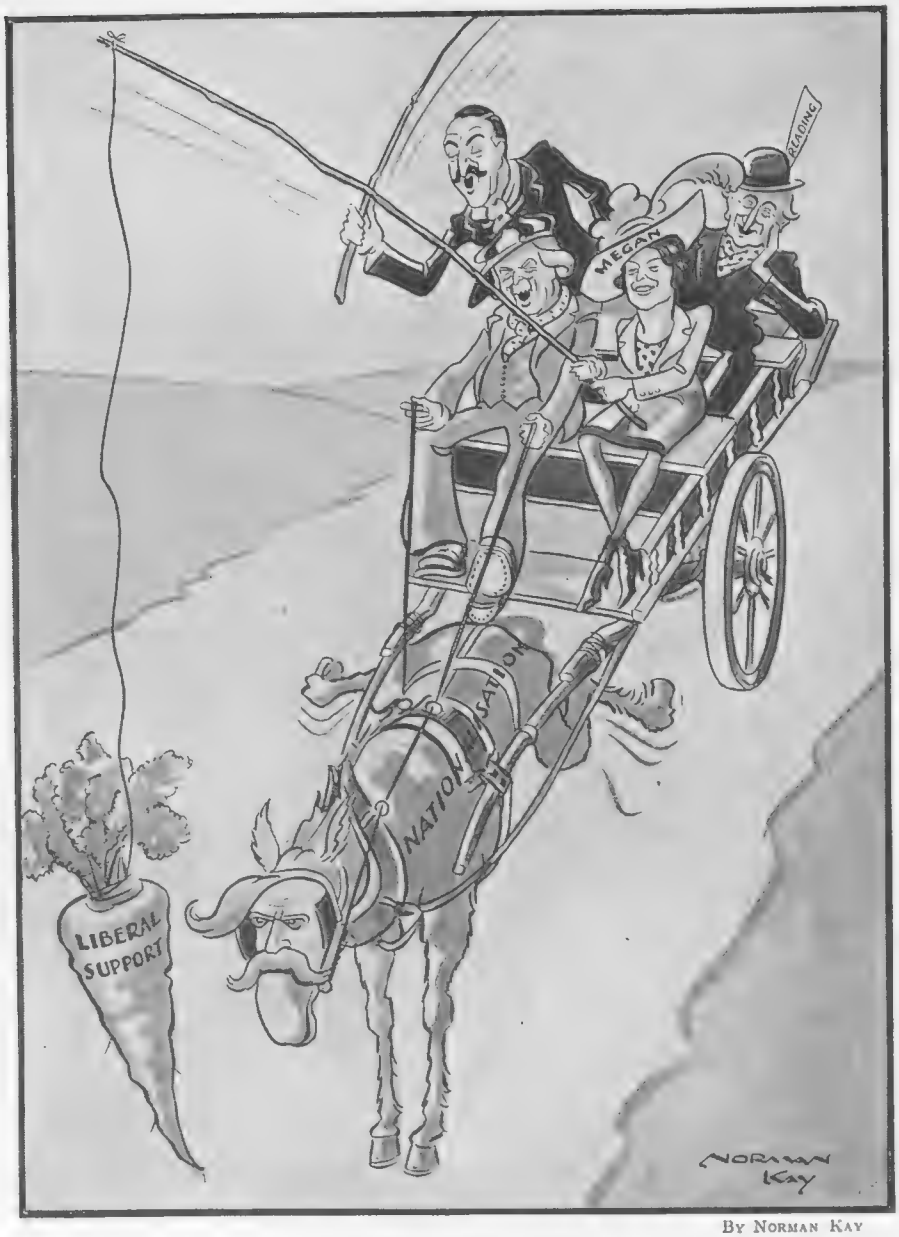
After all, the Conservative Leader had no right to invite risks of the nature he did. He was not elected the leader of a Party which stands for certain definite aims in order to give the vote to all women and place the female sex in a considerable majority over the males of the nation. Apart from all else, female mentality is not equal to the responsibility put upon it. Women are bad politicians because as individuals they are limited in vision. If her husband drinks, the woman elector will probably demand prohibition for all. If she thinks war cruel and wicked (as it is, and so is Nature), she is quite likely to insist on disarmament, thus leaving the nation powerless in an emergency. A nation governed by its womenfolk is in a decadent condition. Such are the benefits Mr. Baldwin has conferred on the nation! Lord Birkenhead for one clearly warned Mr. Baldwin that votes for all women could be fatal. Lord Rothermere, in that hectoring tone which is quite sufficient, I admit, to make a man writhe to take a diametrically opposite view, again and again warned him.

"JIX" L.N.A.

Who, when Home Secretary, aided and abetted Mr. Baldwin in giving the flapper the vote that brought about the Conservative debacle

Mr. Baldwin must have imagined that in giving votes to "flappers" he was going to consolidate a large Tory vote in the General Election, because there was no object in his going out like a Don Quixote in search of adventures for the mere sake of chivalry. They had not asked him for a vote, and accordingly he believed that he had these said votes for the most part in his pocket. It was his only excuse for an act of Socialist policy in flagrant disregard of the wish of the bulk of his supporters who had a right to be consulted. Now it is seen that the Conservative Leader

THE FUNKING OF SAFEGUARDING



By Norman Kay

A JOLLY FINE GAME

How long will he carry that load?

MR. BALDWIN'S conduct of the late campaign was the right way to lose an Election. With opponents whose promises were lavish if illusory a great leader did not need to go about and preach sermons to people to vote according to their consciences and such nonsense. "Safety First" was not the card to play when he had banked on holding the Joker. Where was Safeguarding? The Tory leaders for the most part ran away from the one great constructive act of statesmanship initiated by the Liberal McKenna. Slowly but surely industrial areas are realising what it means to the workers. The progress of the motor industry and silk industry has opened their eyes. Steel and iron asked for Safeguarding, but the leader who could give votes to flappers without any qualms could not safeguard against the dumping of foreign steel because he had no mandate! The woollen workers ask for Safeguarding, but, not getting satisfaction, voted Socialist. So, too, the Pottery districts. If, as Conservatives believe, safeguarding of industries is the only means whereby the prosperity of the nation can be advanced and unemployment checked, why was it not hammered home at every meeting and on every hoarding? In 1928 Mr. Baldwin burst out with the dramatic statement that he believed it was the only way to save the country. Immediately afterwards he or the Unionist Headquarters, an office which invariably fails to gauge the thoughts of the nation, became frightened, and this supposed *faux pas* was hushed up. Since then, Safeguarding, despite its wonderful progress, has been the Cinderella of Conservative policy. KIM.

presented a valuable gift to his opponents. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was right when he said the other day of the young woman that "in the old days she was careless . . . now she wants to know things . . . she has added thousands to our majorities, especially in the industrial districts." Of course she has. Young people are usually prone to rashness, and Socialism glitters with fatal attraction to the uninstructed. The young woman of the upper and middle classes in a good many cases voted against what they thought were the stick-in-the-mud proclivities of their parents. Mr. Baldwin's own Socialistic son Oliver is a case in point. The working-class young woman mainly voted the same as her "boy friend," a cheap way of pleasing him, and in the industrial areas great blocks of votes were organised by the Trade Unions.

THE genius of Mr. Baldwin is proving as fatal and crippling as the Necklace of Harmonia After all, Conservatism is greater than any individual leader, and no man, no matter how exalted he may be in his personal character and motives, can be permitted to play ducks and drakes with the principles of Conservatism. The Empire and the British nation has been very unfortunate in its leaders for a long period—since, indeed, the days of Joseph Chamberlain. To a great many the feverish haste of Mr. Baldwin to settle the American claims by an almost absolute surrender has only been equalled by the concessions made to our debtors amongst our War Allies, not to mention the way in which Germany escapes her legitimate debts.

Topical

"The genius of Mr. Baldwin is proving as fatal and crippling as the Necklace of Harmonia"

BY FRANK R. GREY

"I'm leaving 'ere on Saturday, Sir. In future I shall be featured *in the 'Gastronomic' Grill Room, and 'ope to see all my fans there"*

AT THE PLAY

FRENCH ARTISTRY and

"Mariette," at His Majesty's

THE London Season would scarcely be itself without a visit from Sacha Guitry and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, who are two of the most delightful artists imaginable. This year they bring with them *Mariette*, which might be truly described as a musical comedy, for Oscar Straus's music finds a place in the play.

I SAY truly described, because, on occasions, musical comedies, mainly of American extraction, have been extremely unmusical and with precious little comedy in them. *Mariette* proves that this form of play need not be divorced from the artistic. Author Sacha and Oscar Straus between them have provided a model which others might follow—even at a distance—with success.

IN this charming story, dealing with a love affair of Prince Louis Napoleon, Sacha Guitry shines also as an actor, and he plays the part of Napoleon as artistically as when later he appears as a young journalist interviewing the Prince's mistress, now an old lady with a faulty memory. This character, both in youth and age, is a beautiful study by Yvonne Printemps, whose singing of Straus's songs is a treat to listen to! A perfect play and a perfect pair!

"Coquette," at the Apollo

I UNDERSTAND that *Coquette* first saw the light as a film, and was afterwards made into a play. If this Yankee production by George Abbott and Preston Bridgers is a fair example of what we may expect when the usual order of things is reversed, I hope the experiment may never be repeated.

THE story is a cautionary tale, and the moral is: Don't flirt! Through having too many strings to her bow, or, rather, too many beaux on a string, one of the vamp's lovers is shot dead by an indignant papa; papa himself is tried for murder—which does not prevent him being released on bail!—while the vamp, who is going to have a baby, gets hold of papa's second-best revolver and uses it on herself with neatness and dispatch.

I GATHER that the vamp committed suicide in order to save her very-much-tried parent from the unpleasant attentions of the hangman. What is not made clear, however, is why his daughter's death increases the chances of an acquittal and what is the ultimate outcome of papa's trial. As this worthy parent in moments of domestic crisis remarks, "We will save these demonstrations for a more appropriate time." I rather hope he *was* hanged!

THE only thing which gave me the least pleasure while listening to this Yankee fustian was the character sketch of a silly girl cleverly played by Yvonne Rosie. I could get no enjoyment from Helen Ford's performance of the vamp, which rather surprised me, because she was excellent in *The Patsy*, but a tragic *rôle* seems beyond her powers. In a "big" scene she started with a shriek and continued on that note. There was no "building up," no light and shade whatsoever. It is only fair to add that portions of the audience were of a contrary opinion, and gave her top-note efforts ecstatic applause.

YANKEE FLAPDOODLE

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "Marielle," at His Majesty's, by H. H. HARRIS

"The Devil in the Cheese," at the Comedy

YET another bad American play. After one of the dullest first acts imaginable a father, by magic means, sees what is passing through his daughter's mind, and these thoughts represented in action give the second act a chance of being amusing in an artless way. Luckily, the girl in question possesses the mentality of a child of six. Had she been a modern miss not only would father have had something of a shock, but I doubt if the play would have passed the Censor! The third act is almost as dull as the first, and not even Sydney Fairbrother could lighten the gloom.

"Why Drag in Marriage?" at the Strand

IF you can appreciate good talk which appears to flow naturally and is always in character with the person who says it; talk which will make you smile at one moment and laugh out loud the next, I can cordially recommend the clumsily titled comedy, *Why Drag in Marriage?*, by Audrey Scott, at the Strand Theatre.

YOU may be somewhat disappointed with the rather thin story and the unnecessary happy ending, which appears to be brought about by a sudden and complete change in the character—or, at least, the views—of the hero, but there is so much to amuse in this satire on the cocktail-loving, pseudo-literary bright young people of Bloomsbury that it is an ideal entertainment on a hot summer night.

AND it appeared to me that the company enjoyed playing it as much as a first-night audience enjoyed seeing it. Gillian Lind, who is now "starred," both as a respectable Kensington miss and when assuming the airs and lapping up the cocktails of Bloomsbury, gave a really clever character study. So did Joyce Kennedy as a discarded mistress; amusing character studies were provided by Adrianne Allen, Keneth Kent, Margot Sieveking, and Richard Goolden—extremely funny as an author. Ian Hunter, too, as the hero, played his part excellently, even though in appearance he suggested Richmond—and a centre three-quarter at that—rather than a Bohemian Bloomsburyite!

"The Show's the Thing," at the Victoria Palace

ALTHOUGH variety has taken a turn for the better, the Victoria Palace has 'verted to revue, but I should think that the sole reason for this is to give Gracie Fields—a really great music-hall artist—a chance of showing her paces. This she does in *The Show's The Thing*. There are many other capable people in the cast, but it is Gracie Fields who carries this show on her shoulders, and she does it triumphantly. An uproarious welcome greeted her on the first night, and she deserved all the applause she got, for in all sorts of parts and all sorts of songs, and, at the conclusion, in all sorts of speeches, Gracie Fields was incomparable. V. W.

THE SUMMER SEASON: POLO

Alfieri

A tussle on the boards between El Gordo and the 17th/21st Lancers in the final of the Roehampton Open Cup at Roehampton. El Gordo played like a winning side from the start, and, despite a desperate but belated effort by their opponents in the sixth chukker, they won quite easily by 9 goals to 3

Alfieri

The Duke and Duchess of Peñaranda at Roehampton. The Duke's El Gordo team, which won the Roehampton Open Cup, owed its victory largely to the fine game he played at No. 1

Polo provides the spectators with ample scope to spend many really enjoyable afternoons d... bers and their friends. The above photograph of visitors, including the Crown Prince of Sw... fully rural conditions

AND EQUESTRIAN SPORTS

Sport and General

A run down the field during the final of the Cheltenham Polo Club's Mason Challenge Cup Tournament. Played at Prestbury Park between Chesterton House and Lake House (received 1½), it resulted in a win for the former team by 4 goals to 3½

Central News

The Sultan of Zanzibar and his staff, who are on a visit to this country, watching the polo at Hurlingham. The Sultan, who is keenly interested in the game, is seen saluting the players as they took the field

Keystone

...when Roehampton, Ranelagh, and Hurlingham are crowded with members Ingrid, taking tea beneath the trees at Ranelagh proves that delightful Town even as Putney

Photopress

The Crayon Race in progress during the recent Mounted Sports at Ranelagh. The competitors had to ride up to the drawing boards, draw an animal and gallop back holding the partner's hand

THE COMMENTS OF CHLOE

SHEIKHS, SIDE-SADDLES and STOCKINGS

By Helen McKie

'Go to the Richmond Horse Show"

I SEE with pleasure that Seyyid Khalifa Sultan of Zanzibar is visiting England. He seems to have been spending a perfectly delirious time, what with visiting the mummies in the British Museum and laying a wreath on the Cenotaph. I hope this round of pleasure won't go to his head, as these foreign potentates are not used to such gaieties.

I USED to know a dear old gentleman called the Khan of Kolat. Don't ask me exactly where Kolat is, because I can't tell you. It is probably somewhere in the vicinity of the North-West Frontier of India, as he was fond of attending the races at Quetta. He was always very nattily attired in a bundle of robes and strings and strings of turquoises, alternating with lumps of amber. He once gave me a handful of turquoises and told me that you should always choose a turquoise at dawn and compare it with the colour of the sky, and he added that if the Beloved were with you the turquoise would bring you luck. You might remember this next time you are buying a turquoise or two.

The Khan knew a good deal about women as well as about jewels. He had a hundred or so odd wives, and when he got a bit tired of them he would starve seven cats for seven days and then put them in a big sack with the superfluous wives. It was great sport—for the cats.

HE was rather a friend of mine, and he told me that once when he was riding along a track in his kingdom he met some of his troops, who were commanded by an Ancient of Days who had served under his father. The troops saluted so violently that the Khan's horse became hysterical and the ruler of Kolat fell off.

By Starr Wood

"It makes my blood run cold to see how lightly you dress."

"My goodness! And I've been trying for just the opposite effect!"

"THIS I could not endure," he told me, "so I ordered the Colonel to be hanged on the nearest tree. It was very funny to see his face." I sometimes feel quite sentimental about the Khan, and wonder whether he is still alive. He was not a very good rider, but most of these Eastern potentates are better in a car than on a horse. Even Faisal who, being an Arab, is popularly supposed to spend large portions of his leisure time in dallying with his steed, is a most indifferent performer and hates riding. I am sorry to shatter any illusions, but there it is. It's the worst of knowing Khans and Sheikhs and that sort of person at first hand. They are really far, far better in a book.

IF you want to see good riding go to Richmond Horse Show. Taken by and large, we ride better than any other nation in the world, and in addition we turn out our horses in the most perfect condition. Richmond is a dream of a place in which to hold a Show, and there are going to be any amount of pretty women competing. As long as they don't ride astride the women are more worth looking at than the men. One or other of the Show committees issued a regulation not long ago that women who were showing Ladies' Hacks were to ride side-saddle. This aroused a perfect storm of protest, and the papers were full of passionate letters from the partisans of either side. It isn't a question as to whether a woman can ride as well as a man astride. Possibly, if she has been brought up to do it as a child she can, but it is a question of appearance. A divided skirt is a

WHY WOMEN CALL CLUBS TRUMPS

most unbusinesslike garment, and when a woman puts on breeches and boots—"O Death, where is thy sting?" The female knee is never a pretty sight, and when it is bursting out of a pair of tan cord breeches it is enough to put any horse out of his stride. There are many portions of the female anatomy over which *le bon Dieu* was a little careless, and all these portions are generously displayed to view when a woman rides astride. As for the people who say that a side-saddle gives a horse a sore back, they are positively talking nonsense. No well-fitting side-saddle need ever give a horse a moment's discomfort if the woman sits properly. However, I am sure that Richmond will bring out the usual crop of "*pros* and *cons*," and that we shall all continue to ride as we like best. Give me a side-saddle for England and a man's saddle for South America or for riding up and down a *khud*.

THERE will be great excitement when the International Sportsman's Club is opened. It is part of Grosvenor House, and the women are frightfully excited about it, as we are going to be able to use the swimming bath and the Turkish bath and the ice rink. I hope to goodness that we shall be allowed to swim (just occasionally and as a treat when the water is clean). When women share a club with men it is always understood that they are permitted to enter the swimming pool five minutes before the water is changed. The moment that the water is clean they are chivvied away before they can sully its sparkling purity.

HOWEVER, as all women regard a club in the light of a huge bargain, we can't complain if we don't get the very best of everything. Women don't mind paying a club subscription, because that is done automatically by the bank, and we feel that anything paid by cheque is hardly to be counted as out-of-pocket expenses. So we look upon the club magazines and the central heating and the stationery as so many first-class bargains.

IF you are clever you can always inveigle your guests into taking the club luncheon, which is at least a shilling cheaper than the ordinary one. The secret consists in seizing the menu very firmly and announcing with the air of one who is surprised and delighted at the richness of the fare: "Will you have Irish stew or fish?" Of course, it is fatal to let the guest see the *menu* first. If by any evil chance she does so, she will order something *à la carte*, and you must own yourself beaten. But the club in Grosvenor House will be a club to where I shall take my men friends, which is a very, very different story.

THERE'S much heated discussion about the new fashions. We don't really care for them frightfully, because we are afraid that they may herald an era of stays and high collars and all those other Victorian horrors. On the other hand, one must be in the fashion—I can't tell you why, but there it is! So we trail round in our long evening dresses and our men step on our trains and curse, and we make excuses for ourselves, which is always a sign that we don't like our clothes.

"Frightfully graceful, aren't they?" we say weakly as we hitch our draperies into place, but we don't feel graceful, and I can tell you it's pretty expensive when a man steps on the end of a tulle flounce which unwinds itself until there are yards and yards lying on the floor. It's all a great deal too early-Victorian for my taste.

ONE reason why we don't care for the new fashions is that there is too much scope for individuality. We have become so accustomed to being clad in felt-hat-and-pleated-skirt uniform that we feel mentally undressed when they are taken away from us. It leaves us naked and ashamed (and some of these tulle gowns leave us pretty nearly naked without there being anything to do with the mental side of it).

CHLOE.

GARAGE HAND (*expectantly*): "How many, sir?"
MOTORIST: "Well, I don't quite know I want this cigarette lighter filled."

BY G. W. ALLINSON

The Greatness of Emil Jannings

by Lady Eleanor Smith

Emil Jannings as the wealthy bootlegger in a scene from the Paramount film, "Sins of the Fathers." He has won fresh laurels by the fine character study he gives in this screen play

Emil Jannings as August Spengler and Zazu Petts as his first wife in another scene from the new film, "Sins of the Fathers"

"Sins of the Fathers"

THIS picture might be termed the American swansong of Emil Jannings. It may be true that he is too lazy to learn English and thus qualify for the Talkies, but personally I like to think that, having made use of the great Hollywood film-machine to gain him riches and world-fame, he has tired of the business and gone gladly sailing home to the Fatherland in quest of another "Vaudeville" or "Faust." In spite of the fact that he made two almost perfect films in America, "The Patriot" and "The Last Command," he has never once been allowed to create in Hollywood. He has merely been made to imitate himself in previous successes.

"SINS of the Fathers," for instance, bears a marked similarity to "The Last Laugh" and "The Way of All Flesh," since in all three pictures we trace the gradual deterioration of a weak and ageing man. Jannings is now a German waiter in an American restaurant who soon rises in the world by becoming proprietor of a small "delicatessen" shop. He possesses a consumptive wife, a pretty daughter, and a small son whom he spoils and idolises. One night at a waiters' social gathering he meets a common mercenary slut who pursues him because to her squalid little mind this poor fellow is rich and mighty.

THIS typical Jannings character is, of course, an easy victim, and he takes the greedy little harlot back to his own restaurant, where they both indulge very freely in cheap wine. He is discovered, behaving with considerable impropriety, by his sick wife, and when he exhibits overwhelming remorse she extracts from him a last promise.

"SWEAR to me," she says, "that when I'm dead you won't give our children a stepmother like that woman." "I swear," he replies, and that night his wife dies. The very next shot shows the posing of a wedding-group—the slut is now a triumphant bride. True to type, the new Mrs. August Spengler bullies the children, wrangles with her husband, and flirts openly with a repellant male acquaintance whom she plants in the restaurant as bar-tender.

THEN Prohibition bursts like a thunderbolt upon their little world. Flashes of magnificent photography show us the last night of the old regime—people fighting like wild beasts for one last drink, heads cracked for precious bottles, men and women staggering helpless in the streets, and then, as the hands of the clock approach midnight, the vast symbolic figure of a policeman dominating the scenes of orgy. The saloons are closed for ever.

IN a few years the little restaurant proprietor has become an enormously wealthy boot-legger inhabiting a house not unlike a Babylonian palace. His wife coquettes with flashy foreign counts, his daughter has left him in

(*Continued on page 568*)

The New Theatrical Star
Gillian Lind

Miss Gillian Lind, who has sprung into fame by the fine performance she gives in "Why Drag in Marriage?" and now definitely takes her place among the small but brilliant constellation of stars of the younger school. This smart comedy is now running at the Strand Theatre

Gillian Lind and Ian Hunter in one of the scenes in "Why Drag in Marriage?"

THAT INEVITABLE HAPPY ENDING

Anny Ondra, the Czecho-Slovakian "star," who is under contract to British International Pictures. She plays lead in "Blackmail," the talkie produced by Alfred Hitchcock

(Continued from page 566)

disgust, and his son, ignorant of the father's profession, is now a young beau at a fashionable college. Then, inevitably, comes swift disaster. The whisky supplied by this great bootlegger is filthy, poisonous stuff, and the adored son becomes blind through drinking it. The police at last arrest August Spengler, and the false wife flies with her lover and as much money as she can steal from her husband's safe.

THEN comes prison, and when at last he emerges, penniless, Spengler is forced to start life once more as a waiter. Gone is the Babylonian palace, gone the shrewish wife, the obsequious valet, and the dashing son. They have vanished like a puff of smoke, and all that is left to August Spengler is a waiter's napkin and an occasional tip. This, really, should be the end of the story, and the unconvincing happy climax, the hasty reconciliation with a loving family, is a sop to popular sentiment upon which we prefer not to dwell.

JANNINGS can make of this stuff a thing of beauty to live forever in our imagination as a great and fine artistic achievement. Never once does August Spengler degenerate into a creature of bathos; in the capable hands of this superb actor the character of the vain, foolish, shifty old German assumes a vivid reality that is startling.

THE ladylike Miss Ruth Chatterton plays the Phyllis Haver part of the harpy brilliantly. With one swoop Miss Chatterton flings the refinements of drawing-room comedy to the winds and becomes a guttersnipe of glorious vulgarity. Zazu Pitts is competent as the first wife, while the spoilt son is played by Barry Norton, a youth with a gold bangle on his wrist who should be dragged immediately to the nearest barber's shop.

"The Dummy"

IT is amusing to see Ruth Chatterton and Zazu Pitts in very different *rôles* in the same programme. "The Dummy" is a bright detective talkie "featuring" two precocious children. Miss Chatterton has little to do, but reiterates with patrician petulance that she wants her child back—"Oh, why have you kidnapped my che-ild!"—and Miss Zazu Pitts is amusing in a clownish part.

"This Is Heaven"

VILMA BANKY'S first talkie is a highly ridiculous little affair. The story of a Hungarian emigrant's metamorphosis into a typical slangy American flapper might have made a film of absorbing interest. As it is, we see Miss Banky first of all in a shawl and then in a tailor-made suit. When we first meet her she speaks broken English, and when we see her again there is scarcely a trace of accent. Everything that might have made this film unusual is omitted, with the result that we are treated once more to the stupid and very far from novel Cinderella tale of a working girl who falls in love with a rich man under the impression that he drives a taxi, or some such absurdity. Why drag in the emigrant idea at all if you are determined to ignore it in favour of such sugary rubbish? Truly the ways of some American film producers are to be wondered at—if not admired!

Vilma Banky To-day

MISS BANKY, one of the most beautiful stars, is far better suited to *rôles* of the *grande dame* description. She seems ill at ease as the little waitress, and I am sorry to say that on more than one occasion she lapses into a deplorable archness and affectation which used to be foreign to her acting. James Hall, her leading man, is incredibly heavy and dull. I thought of the old days, when Ronald Colman played with Miss Banky in a series of gay romances, and felt quite melancholy as I left the New Gallery Kinema.

E. S.

Vilma Banky and James Hall saying it with flowers. They star in "This Is Heaven," the first talkie in which she makes an appearance

VIRTUE MEETS ITS OWN REWARD

BY STAN TERRY

"My dear, it's a frightful scandal! Of course, I might have shut my eyes to it—but that's not my way of looking at things"

if gossip

By Edna Clayton

An Edna Clayton idea of Clarice Hardwicke as she appears as Chickie Buff in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," at the New Theatre

WITH what has been described on all sides, with gross inaccuracy, as a "stalemate" in the political world, we settle down to think, with what complacency we may, of the country being governed by a party against which the majority of electors, by some millions or so, voted, and to realise that, leaving on one side altogether the Liberals, more people voted anti-Socialist than Socialist. But poor generalship has certainly landed the Conservatives in a bit of a mess, and the shaking-up will probably do the party good. Mr. Baldwin, having thrown away two Parliamentary majorities by sheer honesty, will have some little time to ponder on how not to make the best of a third, which will undoubtedly come his way in due course.

ONE of the many lessons the Election has taught is that it is not only completely useless but does more harm than good for good-looking young Conservative aristocrats to go down to the East End and other squalid constituencies, dandle a few babies in front of a camera, and expect the local people to vote for them. Why should Limehouse, etc., vote for a youth who just pops along to see them after lunch at the Embassy? The electors vote for one of their own class and a man (or woman) who understands their problems. And there is no earthly reason why they should not.

By Jack Greenall

"This bathing costume you sold me is perfectly disgraceful. I was in the water only five minutes and it shrunk six inches!"

"It's a good thing, Madam, you came out when you did!"

THERE has been a considerable slaughter, as a matter of fact, among the young hopefuls of both of the two older parties. Half London is laughing at the remark of one of these a few weeks before the Election. He pursued with his attentions a certain comely young actress, who would have none of him. "But surely," he asked, with tremendous seriousness, "you will not refuse to kiss a future Prime Minister of England?" Refuse, however, she did. And now for the future P.M. Downing Street is in the far more distant future, since the Socialist candidate beat him badly.

HOSPITABLE Mr. Selfridge! And also shrewd Mr. Selfridge! The Election night party made the store in Oxford Street talked about almost as much as the Election itself. Not only were 2,000 celebrities of all types inside the building listening to the results and a jazz band, and watching a Dolly Sister, jewelled like an Oriental idol, and a boxing kangaroo; 20,000 people, or more even, gathered outside it for hours. They were a "Reddish" crowd, but as good-tempered a one as you could ever wish to find (and with all those Labour gains there was not much for them to be bad-tempered about).

A lot of nonsense has been talked, and some of it written, about guests appearing at Mr. Selfridge's windows and being angrily snarled at, like the French Royal family on the balcony at Versailles in October, 1789. Nothing of the sort took place. And if one or two women imagined they looked the part of Marie Antoinette they were sadly mistaken.

THE guests were extraordinarily varied. Princess Arthur of Connaught, dressed very plainly, was there, and near her I saw a leading Labourite, late secretary of one of the largest and most rabid Trades Unions. Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor, was sitting on a gold chair while £10,000 a year was going

we must

west, and Evelyn Laye was dancing. Noel Coward and Arnold Bennett no doubt saw the dramatic possibilities of the scene. Sir Alfred Butt was (new)mooning about, but probably felt happier next day when he found that Balham had taken him to its bosom again after all. "Burghie" Westmorland, most sporting of peers, wondered what a Labour Government might do about hunting, a question which probably also occupied the mind of Arthur Wimperis.

What there most emphatically was *not* at this most cheery function was any touch of "heedless of their doom, the little victims play."

S

THE programme presented to the audience on the first night at Wyndham's, when Sybil Thorndike appeared in a double bill, *Jane Clegg* and *Medea*, had an amusing misprint. It was for Jane Clegg's children that a rocking horse was wanted, but the programme stated that the rocking horse, kindly lent by Messrs. Hamley, was used in *Medea*! Evidently the compiler of the programme had got his classical knowledge mixed up, and confused *Medea* with the famous incident before Troy in which a wooden horse figured so largely!

S

MICHAEL ARLEN and I lunched together just before he went off to Chelsea to have his poem-portrait done by Osbert Sitwell. I hope the fact that the sitter was fortified with lobster and Moselle cup will result in an epoch-making work by Osbert, who is quite as clever as Mr. Self-ridge. Since not everyone can afford fifty guineas for a poem-portrait, some concessions must surely be made, and a "bargain basement"

By CHICOT

"My husband flatly refuses to listen to scandal"
"Ah, my dear, husbands never have any sense of rumour!"

Topical Press

A scene in the grounds of the New Hungaria Restaurant Club at Maidenhead, with visitors dancing on the glass dance floor abutting the river. An excellent ballroom, American bar, a verandah where one can lunch or dine, and grounds that include croquet lawns, a miniature golf course and a glass dancing floor are some of the attractions of the club, which occupies the building where Murray's River Club used to be

WILSON FENNING

The Summer Bather as seen by Mrs. Smythe-Smythe and—

OUR LADY MEMBERS

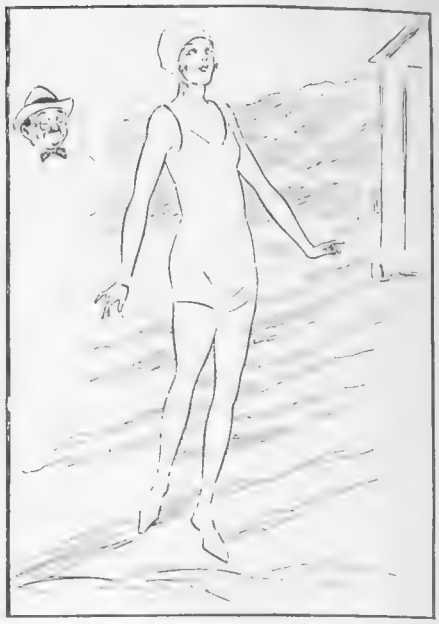
NO more in solitary grace
Is Nancy Astor seen
Supporting Mr. Scrymgeour
And Pussyfoot upon the floor
With fire and accent keen—
The women's numbers swell apace
And now they are fourteen.

There's Megan Lloyd George, look you, too—
The Libs.' appointed Queen;
There's Comride Mosley's lady wife
And Ellen, authoress of "Strife,"
In fact, to-day there's seen
Both views of red and blood of blue
Now that they are fourteen.

Con., Lib. and Lab., they all are there
To keep the party clean.
They mean to show that Woman can
Wave order papers like a man.
And show a touch of spleen
If members try to be unfair,
Now that they are fourteen.

This question, though, has got me beat,
Although I've racked my bean,
One little room is all they've got
And is there space for all the lot
To tidy up and clean?
Or will they powder in the street,
Now that they are fourteen?

B. W.



WILSON FENNING

The same lady as seen by Mr Smythe-Smythe

should be installed in the Sitwell household in Carlyle Square.

Michael has just finished his latest book—two "long-short" stories which he calls "Babes in the Wood." After a short sojourn at the May Fair, where he waited for his very lovely wife to join him, the two went off to Southport to stay with *his* people. They then go to a castle in Switzerland to stay with *her* people for a couple of months before settling down in the house they are taking in Paris. "I can't work in London," says Michael, "I have too many friends there."

Topical Press

LUCKY BLACKPOOL!

Steve Donoghue and Tallulah Bankhead snapped on the front at Blackpool. The vast army of holiday-makers was doubtless duly honoured by the presence of such distinguished representatives of the saddle and the stage. Indeed, it must have been a Gay Day for them

YEARS ago I had it firmly fixed in my head that "O.M." meant "old man." It may well do so in the case of the Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, who has been decorated with the Order of Merit at eighty-five. Someone took this opportunity of pointing out that poets are a long-lived crew, instancing Wordsworth and Tennyson. Fine. And what about Chatterton, of whom Old Man Wordsworth wrote: "I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul, who perished in his pride"; and Shelley, and Shakespeare, and Byron? I think it works out just about even.

One cannot pretend that Robert Bridges is a popular poet, though, as an ex-assistant physician at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormonde Street, he has what is known, I believe, as the bedside manner. He dabbles quite a lot in accents in his poems, and cæsuras and all the things those of us who had to make Greek iambics when at school were apt to worry about.

BUT the Laureate, who lives at Boar's Hill, near Oxford, and also near John Masefield, is most unjustly accused of never playing the Laureate's part and never writing topical poems about great national events. He is not a patriotic poet in the sense that two far greater poets than he—Kipling and the late T. W. H. Crosland—are patriotic poets. But he did write "Kitchener," "Der Tag," and "Nelson and Beatty" (though I don't suppose many people could quote them), and he even wrote a poem to President Wilson, which must, I imagine, have taken a bit of doing. He actually had the pluck to go to America at the age of eighty-one, and the foresight to arm himself against the importunity of American newspapermen. For he arrived in New York with a typewritten interview ready for them, and when one reporter asked whether he had ever written a poem on New York, he replied: "I

(Continued on page 574)

SUMMER SCENES FROM AFAR

BY STARR WOOD

"CONTANGO DAY IN THE SLAVE MARKET"

IF GOSSIP WE MUST (continued from page 572)

The Tosh Twins, who have danced—and smiled—their way to popularity in London. They are appearing in the cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel

may have written a poem on New York. Or I may not."

COVENT GARDEN is now a picture gallery as well as an opera house. The walls of the grand staircase are lined with caricatures, as they were last year, when the son of Chaliapin held an informal exhibition. The culprit this year is the Italian baritone, Fernando Autori, who is as clever with his pencil as he is with his voice. Among the victims are Colonel Blois, the managing director of the syndicate; Mr. Percy Eales, whose pipe and moustache have been officially connected with Covent Garden for longer than even I can remember; Bellezza, the conductor; Stabile, the tenor; Mussolini, who is the very *duce*, and also an ex-violinist; and Margaret Bannerman, whom Autori met last year in Australia. All these drawings are remarkably powerful and humorous.

HUMOROUS, without being exactly powerful, are the majority of the Italian operas so far. Alas! the humour is so often unintentional, being concerned with a tenor in a ballet skirt (the lighter side of *La Gioconda*), a funny ship, Druids with strange beards, and other incidents of the Italian operatic world of half a century or more ago. But the orchestra is as good as ever, and so are the sandwiches. And Rosa Ponselle, the American-Italian soprano, has a superb voice and is withal a beauteous and stately creature, keen on golf.

I MET Miss Peggy Wood, who is to play the lead, the part of a schoolgirl in Vienna, in Noel Coward's operette, *Bitter Sweet*. She is an American, fair, with blue eyes, and has a husband who is busy working on films in California, but will join her later, and a child. She was a bit anxious about the child when I saw her, for the poor mite's fingers had been accidentally crushed in a door during the voyage over—not a pleasant experience even for anyone who does not happen to be "teething" at the same time. Miss Wood, who spoke with authority (not, however, born of personal experience) of the problems of the underworld of Chicago and New York, and has a keen sense of humour, was over here in 1920.

"It is quite a mistake to suppose," she told me, "that it is unsafe for ordinary citizens to walk about Chicago at night because of the gunmen. The gunmen merely carry on feuds between rival gangs, and shoot at each other." M'yes. But suppose they hit an "ordinary citizen" by mistake? Or even an ordinary visitor?

OUR bright contemporary, *The New Yorker*, furnishes for its readers a concise guide to current theatrical attractions, and classifies the various types under different headings.

I find this:

For the Children: H.M.S Pinafore.

W. S. Gilbert could never have worn that!

NEXT WEEK!
A splendid short story by J. D. BERESFORD.
ORDER EARLY.

By CHICOT

"——and if it comes to that, I can marry whoever I please!"
"Of course, darling. But you *haven't* pleased anybody yet!"

A NEW BRITISH DRAMATIST

Sport and General

The delightful clubhouse of the recently opened Selsdon Park Golf Club. The course, which is a most attractive one, is at Sanderstead, in Surrey

Sasha

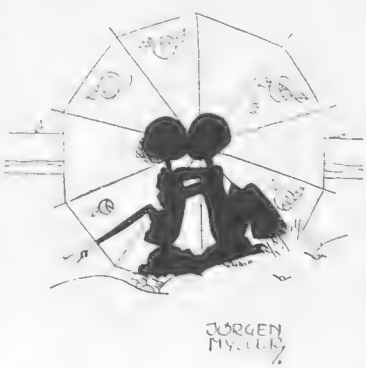
Mary Sheridan, who is one of the prettiest girls on the musical comedy stage. She is playing in "The Five O'Clock Girl," at the London Hippodrome

Raphael

Miss Arabella Tulloch as she appears in "La Vie Parisienne," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. She is the granddaughter of the late Major-General Sir Alexander Tulloch

Journey's End, but this fine play doesn't, and it was to celebrate its transference to the Prince of Wales's Theatre from the Savoy, which is now being gutted and given a new auditorium, that Manager Maurice Browne gave a party after the first evening's performance at its new home, to which he invited all and sundry. Among the alls and the sundries present was Frank Vernon, who told me that he and his wife had translated *Journey's End* into French, and that it will be seen in Paris shortly. I also learnt from Maurice Browne that he had that day accepted a play from an author not one word of which has yet been written! And this author has, so far, no single stage success to his credit.

THIS play will not be staged for quite a long time, because *Journey's End* should run for many, many months yet, but when it is produced I shall certainly feel a sort of moral responsibility, for it was on my suggestion that Maurice Browne was introduced to this author's work. I advised him to visit what was, from the box office point of view, a complete and absolute failure. He went—with the result mentioned above!



Rather a different procedure from managers who only buy ready-made successes in U.S.A.!

Try this Delightful Summer Drink

TRY this really delightful drink for summer days—*cold* "Ovaltine." As delicious in this way as when made as a hot beverage. It not merely quenches the thirst, but refreshes and invigorates as well. It supplies, too, the nourishment you particularly need in the summer—for ordinary hot weather foods contain little nourishment, while the need for nourishment remains much the same all the year round.

Cold "Ovaltine" is easy to prepare. Add to cold milk or milk and water. Whisk with an egg-whisk or shake in a cocktail shaker. Then you have a creamy, foaming drink—as delicious as it is refreshing. Brimful, too, of energy-giving nourishment to enable you to avoid fatigue and to keep vigorous and healthy.

'OVALTINE'

Nourishing COLD & Refreshing

Obtainable throughout the British Empire.

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P565

"SHEER REP-HOSE"

BY LEON HERON

The SPIRIT of LE MANS

Last year's midnight duel between the winning Bentley (left) and the Stutz that finished second. The cars are seen on the grandstand straightway, with the replenishment pits on the left

A FORLORN mechanic dozing in the oily cockpit of a derelict racing car, ditched beside a road that is limned blue-white in the glare of French military searchlights; midnight bonfires among pine trees, where gendarmes and *poilus* drink wine with sleep-defiant spectators; distant dance music forming a background to the rush and scutter of hurtling machines—this scene typifies the world's greatest road race in which, this year, America is to challenge British supremacy.

The Grand Prix d'Endurance lasts for twenty-four hours, and is run off at Le Mans, in France. Last year an American car thundered into second place, with two other Americans riding third and fourth. But a British Bentley had taken the winner's flag. The success of the American machines came as a surprise. British and French drivers broke all existing records in their efforts to beat them, and the race was the hardest that Le Mans had ever seen.

The car which came in fourth actually made faster time than the winner of the previous year's event, and this particular machine was driven by a Rumanian prince. Rival speedmen were a British millionaire cricketer, a famous bacteriologist, a brilliant journalist, and iron-nerved drivers who have fought for years in the toughest events which European roads and tracks can stage.

No other race in the world has the spirit of this Grand Prix d'Endurance. Its tangled regulations are all but comic; after one race the officials needed five months before they could decide who had won! This was because the event is ruled by a complicated formula, since all sizes of cars complete; but the public simplifies matters by regarding as victor the machine which has covered the greatest distance in two rounds of the clock.

* * * *

THE starter's flag drops at four o'clock in the afternoon, so that drivers may still be fresh for the run through darkness. In order to help spectators while away the night hours during the first race, which was held in 1923, the authorities brought an American bar from the Champs Elysées, together with a jazz band and an open-air cinema show.

Cars cornering on a section of the course. At night the route is illuminated by large Army searchlights

The manufacturers of a racing type shock absorber, having secured a replenishment pit at the side of the course, took it upon themselves to attend to the "refuelling" of drivers and mechanics. On this first occasion they dispensed nearly five hundred bottles of free champagne, stacks of chicken sandwiches, a thousand pints of hot soup,

CAN A BENTLEY WIN AGAIN? BY BARRY LYNDON

and nobody knows how much native red and white wine. This pit continues to be the brightest spot along the grandstand straight.

* * * *

THE opening Grand Prix d'Endurance provided a magnificent example of how everybody regards the complicated regulations. The only British car in the race was a Bentley, and its petrol tank was punctured by a flying stone, leaving the machine stranded some three miles from the pits, after it had broken all lap records and was holding the lead.

Robbed of the spectacle of an exciting finish, the race officials parted a cyclist *poilu* from his mount and handed the bicycle over to the Bentley's spare driver. They also gave him two cans of petrol, some bars of soap, and a number of wine-corks, then sent him out to the disabled machine the moment that the panting driver arrived on foot with details of his predicament. In doing all this no fewer than seven distinct regulations were shattered by the men who had made them. But the hole in the tank was plugged with corks and soap, after which the Bentley rewarded the cheering spectators by making the fastest lap of the day, and, in spite of the delay, finished fourth.

This 1923 race was immensely successful, although a hailstorm broke when the starter's yellow flag fell and rain followed until after darkness. What captured the imagination was the fact that the cars were sports models which anyone could buy. Their speed can be illustrated from the fact that last year's race was won at a fraction under a seventy-miles-an-hour average; in 1921, over exactly the same circuit, a specially built, streamlined car won the French Grand Prix at only 78 m.p.h. This racing car had to cover 32 miles, but the Grand Prix d'Endurance winner did a distance five times greater.

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IT was in 1924 that this new type of race began to gain importance in the European calendar; it proved so strenuous that only fourteen cars finished out of the forty-one which started.

The Bentley car was again running, handled by the same crew as before. As an indication of what can happen to

upset a car in a race a small staple—employed to hold electrical wiring in position—worked free and dropped into the gear box gate-change. The driver lost forty minutes before he could get the little staple clear. The Bentley won by just ten miles. Actually, the car won by over a hundred miles, but owing to the complicated nature of the regulations the driver discovered that his last ninety minutes of driving did not count!

Major H. O. D. Segrave drove the following year, and the Le Mans event began to grow sensational. He led for a hundred and forty miles before clutch trouble put him out of the running; but he had helped to set a pace which eventually sent twenty-nine of the near-fifty starters to the dead-car park.

The road surface began swiftly to break up under the threshing tyres, and any machine which wanted to pass another had first to face a bombardment of stones slammed back by the other car's rear wheels. One driver was half-stunned, another had an eye completely closed, and daring Jules Foresti's hands were badly cut by flints skimming his knuckles while he gripped the steering wheel. Foresti holds the distinction of being the only man in the world who has crashed at 150 m.p.h. and got up to walk away! This occurred during his attempt on the world's speed record at Pendine Sands in 1927.

The race saw the first entry of America, in the form of a single Chrysler, which eventually finished seventh. It was accompanied by a hybrid car, part of which had come from the States—a Montier-Ford. There was considerably more Montier than flivver about it, but the hybrid came in fourteenth.

The only British car to finish was a Sunbeam, which had been run off the road into a ditch while trying to pass a rival machine. The car was sufficiently damaged to cause one rear wheel to cant at a terrifying angle, but the crew judged that this was not sufficient to stop the machine. With this wheel looking as though it might fly off at any moment, the car was driven all out for the last three hours and came in second.

The value of the Grand Prix d'Endurance was now only too evident, and for the 1926 race thirty-eight entries had been received no less than six months before the date of the event. This suggests how seriously European racing men were taking the race, and, in addition, half a million francs were raised to recondition the circuit and prevent it breaking up again.

* * * *

PRACTISING at Le Mans is like the regulations—tangled. The official hours are 4 to 7 p.m. and 7 p.m. until midnight; actually, cars take the road at any time of the day or night, which means that the circuit is not always cleared for them. This was a contributory cause to an American entry for 1926 turning over during practice and burning itself out, while a French car had previously tried to shift a five-ton lorry from the heart of a bend and had failed.

Foresti was again driving, distinguishing himself by some of the fastest pit-work that anyone had ever seen. Every time that he came in four attendants had to stand by with fire extinguishers, because in refuelling he splashed petrol everywhere, and invariably spilled a gallon or so.

A Bentley team of three cars was running, one of the machines being handled by George Duller, the famous steeplechase jockey. He took his car over after it had covered some two hundred miles; two drivers are allotted to each machine, as it would be impossible for one man to pilot the car throughout the full twenty-four hours.

Apparently Duller decided that the Bentley had not been travelling fast enough. In a single lap he jumped from seventh place to fourth; three laps later he was second. He then broke the existing lap record and took the lead, but he seemed still to be dissatisfied with his speed, and tried to break the record he had just set up. As a result he failed to take a corner, and buried the car in a sand-bank. According to the rules, a driver must extricate himself from such a situation alone, employing only the tools on his car. Duller dug with his hands until a Frenchman threw a pick over the fence; the race officials in charge of the corner became interested in something other than the half-embedded car, and the pick was duly "found."

(Continued on page 586)

WONG

ALBERT JENKINS was a simple youth of eighteen years of age who, as second footman at a large house in an ancient and opulent square not far removed from Victoria Station, performed a number of indispensable tasks in and about the kitchen; assisted in waiting at table under the elderly and evil eye of the butler; went warily in the neighbourhood of the master—his Lordship—and sat next to the chauffeur when her Ladyship took the air in the Rolls-Royce.

For the rest, he read penny dreadfuls, greatly admired Master Jack—a shining, if recently kindled, light in one of His Majesty's Regiments of Foot Guards—and worshipped from afar Miss Pamela—that slim, intensely elegant pillar of the Younger Set.

Albert was quite happy. The even tenour of his way was from time to time disturbed by the awful and devastating utterances of the butler on the occasion of minor deliquencies, or the sudden heart-stopping snarls of his Lordship and the terrible glances from his jaundised eyes after a week at Newmarket or some similar festivity.

But, in compensation, he might receive some slight but welcome patronage from Master Jack, or a few kind words from Miss Pamela and a glance from her thrilling blue eyes.

There was, indeed, but one real trouble in Albert's life, and that was the existence of Wong, her Ladyship's Pekingese.

Wong was a fine specimen of his breed. No Peke was a fairer colour, none wagged a bushier tail or had more goggly eyes, nor did any living dog snuffle and gurgle and groan more disgustingly.

From the first day of his arrival Albert and Wong conceived a mutual dislike which, as the weeks and the months passed, grew until, as far as Albert was concerned, it became a passionate hatred. Luckily, he only saw Wong occasionally, and only came into close contact with him when he had to lift him in and out of the car for her Ladyship.

Then, like a clap of thunder, came the blow. Her Ladyship quarrelled with her maid, one of whose duties had been to lead Wong each day into the Green Park to frisk, sniff, and scamper to his heart's content. A new maid was engaged whose only shortcoming was that she was terrified of dogs—even of Wong. Consequently, to his sick horror, Albert found himself appointed to the post of Wong-walker. He had to creep forth into the streets in broad daylight, with a civilian coat turned up at the collar to hide his white tie and shirt and his black-and-yellow striped waistcoat, leading the loathed Wong in the direction of the Green Park.

SOMETIMES Wong's outing took place in the morning, and then Albert used to try to pass Buckingham Palace at about eleven o'clock, so that he might stand near the railings listening to the interesting conversations of Americans, and watching the changing of the Guard.

In his family no genealogical records were kept. There was, it was true, an elderly grandfather, shaking a few sad last grey hairs in Peckham, who could give information concerning several past generations, but even he was not to be relied on owing to the queer fancies which were creeping into his ancient mind.

Consequently, Albert did not know that one of his ancestors in the direct line had been a gallant foot guard who had followed Cutts, the Salamander, into the outworks of Namur, and had lost a leg for his intrepidity; otherwise he might have thought that it was the old strain in him

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By BRIAN MACNAMARA

Illustrated by HYNES

which caused him to thrill as he watched the old guard and the new guard face each other across the stretch of august gravel, and as he gaped at the scarlet-clad officers with their busbies, crimson sashes, and flashing naked swords as they paced up and down.

With the irate Wong grumbling and snuffling on the lead among the feet of the sightseers, Albert would stand spell-bound until he had taken off his bowler hat to the Colour, and the noise of the bands had faded into the distance.

When it was time to go home Wong used to keep just out of range when Albert called him. Small boys and youths made rude noises and remarks to Albert as he followed the little fluffy arrogant snorting creature about. He dared not lay violent hands upon the dog lest some friend of the family with eagle eye might perceive the incident, or lest Wong should become so frightened of him that he might cringe sufficiently to give rise to suspicions in her Ladyship's mind.

So matters continued until the day upon which Albert's cup of revenge was filled to overflowing only to be dashed from his very thirsting lips.

"There was no mistaking that waddle, that fluffy tail and those goggly eyes. It was indubitably Wong"

IT was at four o'clock in the grey of the dawn that he was awakened by a wild-eyed, dishevelled maid who shook him violently.

"Come on!" she shrieked. "Come on! The house is on fire!"

He only waited to drag on his trousers and his coat and to slip his feet into his boots before dashing down through the smoke-infested house out into the square to join the rest of the staff in the task of rescuing as many as possible of the family treasures under the blasphemous directions of his Lordship.

Heralded by the approaching clanging of its bell, a fire-engine arrived, and soon a stream of water was spurting and splashing into the top windows, out of which the flames were already beginning to leap.

The staff redoubled their energies in rescuing pictures and chairs, silver, and china, until the firemen gave orders for the burning house to be vacated.

Then—and only then—came a piercing shriek from Miss Pamela.

"Wong!" The word rang out across the dimly-lighted square.

"Where is he?" gasped her Ladyship.

"He must be in his little basket-house in the boudoir," she shrieked, "all shut in!"

FOR a few blissful moments Albert stood in a glorious trance; then his joy was at an end, for the wonderful and thrilling Miss Pamela—beautiful in her anguish—turned to him and caught him by the arm.

"Oh, Albert!" she pleaded in a dreadful whisper, "save my darling Wong!"

He gazed once into the depths of those limpid blue eyes, and then, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he dodged under the arm of a fireman, wrenched himself free from the clutching, detaining hands of another fireman and a policeman, and dashed up the steps into the smoke-filled doorway.

He staggered across the hall with his eyes closed in burning, stinging agony, felt his foot against the bottom step, and groped his way up to the boudoir on the first floor. As he opened the door a familiar voice greeted him—the accursed yap of Wong, raised shrill in terror.

When he reached the basket in which Wong was shut up to stop him from snuffling round the house in the early morning, a terrible fit of coughing seized him. Outside came a sudden crash and a roaring sound. A sudden panic swept over him. Why was he there, endangering his life for the one thing in the world which he really hated? Better make tracks while he could, and leave the little beast to roast in his den. Wong gave a heart-breaking shriek like a child, and the sound melted Albert's hardened heart. He pulled up the catch, swung open the wire door, and groped within.

Soon he had pulled out the fluffy body, and, holding it close, was reeling to the door.

Out in the passage again there was more than thick choking smoke; there was a red glow and hot acrid fumes. With his lungs bursting and his heart pounding in his ears, he half fell down the shallow deep-piled stairs, across the strip of hall and down the outside steps into the arms of a fireman.

THEY took him back in a taxicab to his family fastness in Peckham, where a couple of days in bed restored him to his customary vigour, and enabled him to walk his native Rye.

He received a typewritten testimonial from his Lordship setting forth his good qualities as a footman, and his great gallantry in the matter of Wong, in terms which would not have been unsuitable on the headstone of a distinguished tomb; and he received, in addition, a most welcome and generous sum of money and a notification that in the unfortunate circumstances his services could not be utilised for some considerable time.

His mother advised him to put the money as it stood into his Post Office Savings account, and to seek another job in service at once. But, alas, the blood of the hero of Namur had been fired in Albert's veins by the astonishing display of valour in the burning house: in addition to which Albert felt that if he went into service again he might meet another Wong who would, at the best, remind him of his thwarted revenge, and who might even do worse.

He spent a couple of weeks in dalliance and visits to the pictures, and then he went quietly off and enlisted in the Guards.

He would walk about in a scarlet coat with a tight-drawn pipeclayed belt—in a

(Continued on page 584)

SECOND

BY WILL OWEN

SIGHT

WONG (continued from page 581)

black cap with a fine metal-bound peak. He would push his head back and his elbows out as he swaggered jauntily along with an inimitable bend of the knees. The back of his neck would be as cropped, sunburnt and bull-like as any of them, and his wandering eye would be the terror of the metropolis.

Many a time during the months which followed, he looked back with anguish and remorse at the heaven that his life had been. As he stood like a statue while an arrogantly moustached and fiendish-tongued instructor pushed his loathed face within an inch of his, tearing and scorching his simple ignorant soul with dreadful vituperation, Albert sighed for the happy, happy days. Gradually, however, as he progressed he began to become reconciled to the life and, at long last, he was established in barracks in London.

THEN came the great moment when, with a sudden sensation of complete panic, he found himself standing with sloped arms in front of a white sentry box, looking with anguish out of the corner of his eye at the retreating scarlet backs of a non-commissioned officer and a little squad of relieved sentries as they marched stolidly away.

Behind him he could sense the railings, the familiar stretch of gravel, and the great awesome façade of the palace, with the Royal Standard fluttering bravely in the breeze.

HIS mind was paralysed until, gradually, terrible fears began to flit across it. Some Brobdingnagian general would suddenly appear before him, and he would fall prostrate before him like the Bateman guardsman who dropped it; or some Royal Personage would, without warning, walk quickly out of the gates beside him.

He licked his dry lips and, becoming aware that somebody's eyes were upon him, caught the furious glance of his colleague, the sentry in front of the other white box across the gateway; and with that his senses returned sufficiently to enable him to order arms and to stand at ease in commendably accurate time with his more experienced fellow.

His forehead and his hands felt damp and cold; but his mind was more at ease, and he was able to glance round at the confronting vista of green trees and distant grey buildings.

He wished that his mother and his father might be there to see him—one of the Guardians of the Sovereign; or, better still, Mary Jones, the dark-eyed beauty who was his latest conquest and who had come to be a housemaid in Kensington and to provide him with many a thrill because her thrifty Welsh mother would not have her idle about the house, look you.

NO! On second thoughts, he was not in reality such stuff as even Kensington parlourmaids' swains are made of. There would be another war, and he would lead some forlorn hope—in precisely the same way as he had rushed into the fiery house—and would perform some astonishing feat which would bring him a glorious decoration and a commission. Or, better still, he would leap amid some murderous band and save Master Jack; perhaps he might do both, and get the commission as well as saving Master Jack. Then, after a few years, during which his sterling merit would have brought him rapid promotion, he would return to carry off the marvellous Miss Pamela, who had really been in love with him all the time, and had watched his success with many a sigh and happy tear.

"Albert worshipped from afar Miss Pamela, that slim, intensely elegant pillar of the Younger Set"

ALBERT felt at peace with the world as, by tapping upon the pavement with the butt of his rifle, he succeeded in engineering his first individual walk to the corner and back.

Then when, after a turn or two, he halted in front of his box and was about to order arms in conjunction with his colleague, a dreadful thing happened. Round the corner came a youth in a rather seedy bowler hat, with the collar of his black coat not sufficiently turned up to hide the white collar and tie of the footmanic profession.

ALBERT noticed him just as he halted and turned to his front, and the only reaction in his mind was a sensation of superiority coupled with a faint fellow-feeling. But that which followed the youth round the corner caused Albert to be riveted to the ground and keep his rifle firmly at the slope despite furious glances from across the way.

There was no mistaking that waddle, that fluffy tail and those goggly eyes. It was indubitably Wong.

WHILE the footman paused to admire Albert, Wong came to a stop in front of him with a glazed and supercilious air. As Albert returned his gaze with open-mouthed, dumbstruck loathing the little dog approached and sniffed at his trousers.

Albert saw a flash of recognition inspire those protuberant balls of sight. For a long moment the two protagonists stared defiance at each other. Then Wong waddled to Albert's sacred sentry box, lifted one small fluffy foot with a gesture of indescribable scorn and, having scratched a little at the august pavement, went snuffling and groaning upon his way with his nose in the air.

B. M.

BY HYNES

YOUNG MAN : *"Sir, I'm in love with your wife and I would like to marry her if you'll get a divorce. Are you going to shoot me?"*

COLONEL : *"Yes, sir, if you change your mind"*

(Continued from page 579)

After getting the machine clear he drove with his head bare. This was a plain and flagrant breach of the regulations, and it caused tremendous excitement among officials at the pits. Each time that he came past they waved all the flags they had; but Duller's stop had cost him a couple of laps, and he ignored all signals until nearly the whole *personnel* of the Bentley pit lined up and implored him to stop, when the missing crash helmet was found on the seat at his side.

* * * *

EUROPE was in the throes of general trade depression in 1927, and the Grand Prix d'Endurance attracted only twenty-two starters. But the race was the finest the Le Mans circuit had ever seen, and it provided the most sensational crash in the annals of road-racing. For five and a half hours the Bentley team of three cars led the field, running with the regularity of express trains. Darkness had fallen, and headlamps split the night, aided by the fires of camping spectators and lorry-borne searchlights.

Travelling too fast into a bend, a mile or so short of the stands, a Schneider car skidded, smashed down nearly sixty feet of wall, and came to a stop squarely in the middle of the turn. Before anything could be done by spectators and officials, No. 1 Bentley roared into the corner at 90 m.p.h., for the driver to find the wrecked car in front of him. In trying to miss it he ditched himself, and right on his tail came a fierce little Fasto, the driver of which managed to skid between the Bentley and the smashed car, stopping just beyond it and completely blocking the road.

A moment later No. 2 Bentley—with George Duller at the wheel—rocked into the bend. He missed the Schneider, but struck the other Bentley; at the moment of impact he took a flying leap from behind the steering wheel and was flung into a field beyond. The two cars met with such force that the machine in the ditch was lifted out on to the road.

No. 3 Bentley was now hurtling at the corner. The driver saw *débris* scattered on the road, and glimpsed headlamp beams raking the sky at unnatural angles. Instinctively he stood on the brake-pedal; he charged into the wrecked machines at reduced speed, escaping with a smashed wheel, crumpled mudguard, broken headlight and a damaged front axle. Two more cars were at his tail. One managed to stop, while the other skidded miraculously through the piled-up machines, wrenching one wheel and damaging its bodywork.

* * * *

NO road circuit had ever seen anything like this: seven cars tangled on the course, headlamps slinging their

Jules Foresti, one of the gamest road-racing drivers, hard at work refuelling. So rapidly did he work that four men had to stand by with fire-extinguishers in case of accident

A sensational crash at an awkward bend in the course during last year's racing. George Duller, driving his Bentley 90 m.p.h., crashed into three damaged cars and saved himself by taking a flying leap

rays in queer directions, oil-smoke belching, officials rushing to stop machines which were still thundering down, and the drivers of the seven cars plunging amongst the *débris* in search of dead men. There were no dead. Two broken ribs were the only major injuries, both ribs being owned by the driver of the Schneider which had been the unhappy cause of the disaster.

The Bentley team had been knocked from leading position, and only No. 3 could carry on. A new wheel replaced the damaged one; then, with a front axle out of truth and a wrecked wing and only one headlamp, the car was taken into the fight again.

Rain had been drizzling all this time, and now it dropped in a deluge. Far away in the lead was a French Ariès, and it seemed impossible that the lamed Bentley could even challenge it. All through the night the British machine was driven grimly. It battled on during the sunny morning which followed and, two hours from the end, the Ariès pit hung "All-out!" signals to the leading car, because the Bentley was then less than four minutes behind.

With an hour to go, the Ariès failed under stress of the furious speed to which it was being flogged, breaking its camshaft drive and letting the Bentley through to win in an epic race in which there were but nine finishers.

One week later this winning car was the unusual guest at a dinner given in its honour at the Savoy Hotel. The machine, still with crumpled wing and broken lamp, was placed beside the table, to be toasted by a very enthusiastic assembly of racing *personnel*.

* * * *

BENTLEY machines had now twice won the Grand Prix d'Endurance, and efforts were set in train to make the race their own again in 1928. Now, for the first time, the American Stutz came into the field, accompanied by a team of four Chryslers, also from the U.S.A. These cars had never been regarded as serious rivals, but the Stutz startled everything on wheels at the drop of the flag. It cornered faster than any other machine in the race, taking the lead from the Bentleys on the 26th lap and holding it for sixty-four circuits.

The big American helped to set a pace which broke records at every lap, duelling with the Bentleys all the time. Early in the race the British team met ill-luck; the cars carried no jacks, because it had been found that, in the event of a puncture, the wheels were strong enough for the car to run fast even with a flat tyre. The machine could reach the replenishment pit and make the wheel change there.

No. 3 Bentley, however, burst a tyre when travelling at very high speed. The rubber instantly spread and wrapped in hot masses around the brake-drum, locking the wheel. Without a jack, the driver had to grovel beneath the car, hacking away the reeking rubber while a score of cars passed him. When he did get the wrecked tyre clear, he travelled faster on the bared wheel-rim than he should have done, and the wheel collapsed two and a half miles from the pits. He had to race there on foot, so that his co-driver could go out to the car with the necessary jacks.

The other driver was Chassagne, a veteran French racing man. He started off with two heavy jacks, dug up the half-buried brake-drum and eventually got the spare wheel fitted, after a total of three hours' delay, when the car commenced its long effort to regain lost ground. By making a last lap at very little under 80 m.p.h., the car was eventually taken into fifth place.

During all this time the Stutz and the remaining Bentleys had been continuing their fight. The gear-box of the Stutz failed to stand up to the desperate strain so that top gear could not be kept in mesh. In spite of this, the Stutz finished second to a Bentley, while two of the Chryslers came third and fourth.

* * * *

As a result of their success the builders of these cars have determined to show, this year, what U.S.A. machines can really do in a type of speed event which is Europe's own. A team of "Bear-Cat" Stutz has been entered for the race to be run off on June 15 and 16.

If American drivers ever do hit the road at Le Mans, they will have a wonderful time. They will learn that rival drivers are sportsmen in every sense of the word. They will see the spirit of Le Mans in the fact that a ditched or disabled car is immediately made the headquarters of a group of lounging gendarmes, who cheerfully turn somebody else's misfortune to their own comfort. They will find, also, that even if officials grouped around a car while work is being carried out at the pits, alert to see that no rule of the race is broken, these officials will instantly turn away if they discover that the machine can continue only by breach of some minor hampering regulation! B. L.

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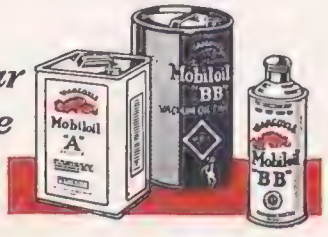

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"Troops will parade in full bathing kit"

GREEN FOR JEALOUSY

By MANVILLE KEITH

YOUNG Smethwick breezed up to us as we were sipping our *apéritif* on the hotel verandah before dinner.

"Troops," he announced, "I've just had an idea!"

"How lonely it must be!" I exclaimed.

"Don't mind him," my wife interposed hastily. "He's always jealous of anyone who can go one better than he can. What is it, Mr. Smethwick?"

"Some of the lads and lassies asked me to think out something for us all to do to-night. It's too fearfully hot to dance much, and the Casino is as fuggy as the deuce with those Dagoes who *will* have every window shut; so what about a moonlight bathing party?"

"Sounds a wet idea to me," I protested.

"I think it's a perfectly splendid scheme," retorted my wife. "But will they allow us to do it? You know how fussy the authorities get if anyone swims out more than a hundred yards, even in the daytime. Blow toy trumpets, wave red flags and raise Cain generally."

"Ah, trust Bertram the Boy Wonder and all will be well." Young Smethwick grinned even more fatuously than usual. "Operation orders are these. Troops will parade at eleven pip emma in full bathing dress—at least as full as Fashion allows—in the lounge. They will then proceed by car to that jolly little bay three miles along the coast, where they will disembark and carry on, using their own initiative."

"You ought to find the carrying-on part easy," said my wife, turning to me. "Especially if that girl is in the party."

"My angel," I protested, "I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honour more."

"I don't know anything about Honor Moor," she retorted acidly, "but if Veronica Tyde is in the party I'll bet you make yourself cheap."

"Nonsense. Time and Tyde wait for no man," I expostulated.

"Well, you are enough of a fool to be caught by a fast tide," she snapped as young Smethwick, scenting a family row, trotted off in search of volunteers, "so behave yourself, or it will be the worse for you."

Twenty minutes later, the storm having subsided somewhat, we went in to dinner.

* * *

HAVING got a considerable move on, I reached the hall some minutes before my wife appeared in a large bathing dress and an even larger wrap, and by a strange coincidence ran straight into Veronica. She gave me the sort of smile that makes bishops leave home and beckoned me over to her.

"What do you think of my new bathing dress?" she demanded, opening her wrap and disclosing a bright green costume that certainly made up in quality for its obvious lack of quantity.

"By Jove, it's full of good points!" I exclaimed with perfect sincerity, for as a Brief Outline of Woman it was absolutely unbeatable.

"I bought it this afternoon for your special benefit," she whispered.

By NED HILTON

"The editor said he wanted something shorter and more pointed"
"What did you do?"
"I told him to sit on a tack!"

"And I am deeply grateful for the benefit performance," I assured her. "See you later," I added hastily, as several of the party appeared on the staircase, "and remember that Discretion is the Mother of Invention."

"I prefer the one about Necessity knowing no laws," she smiled back as we parted.

* * *

BEING the essence of tact, I did not enter the same car as Veronica, but when we reached the rendezvous and had dumped our dressing-gowns and wraps and run down to the sands I found myself next to her. Funny how things happen like that, I've often thought.

"You know that little cave at the end of the bay?" I whispered. "Well, meet me there in a quarter of an hour and we'll have a quiet cigarette before rejoining the madding throng."

She nodded, and without a word ran down to the sea.

"Your lady-love seems to have deserted you to-night," said my wife as I joined her a few minutes later. "I've always said you don't look your best in a bathing dress."

"A good job, too," I laughed. "The kiss of the sea is enough for me."

Having got this poetic sentiment safely off my chest, I took a header into the waves and struck out, thanking heaven that the moon—unlike young Smethwick—was not nearly full.

* * *

"LOOK here, darling," I said some half an hour later. "Tact is the watchword for the day. You swim slowly back, and when you've reached the cars I'll trot back along the beach."

"But won't your wife suspect something if you arrive from the direction of the cave?" demanded Veronica.

"How *could* she? No one who has known me as long as she has would think I was such a dirty dog as to——"

"Still," Veronica interrupted me, "*cave canem*—dirty or otherwise!"

"Oh, you need not worry! I am a master in my own house," I boasted.

"That's no reason why I should be mistaken for a mistress in somebody else's hotel! Besides, judging from the way your wife was waving her asparagus at you at dinner, I imagine you aren't too popular just now."

"On the contrary," I retorted coldly, "she was merely buttering me up."

"It certainly made your dress shirt in a mess," Veronica agreed.

"Enough, wench! Off you go, and leave everything to me."

"Thanks, but I've no intention of making a will just yet," laughed Veronica, as we strolled to the mouth of the cave. "Well, I'll be off, and thanks awfully for the cigarette!"

* * *

I WAVED good-bye. It was splendid to think that at least one woman could run true to form, I reflected, as I waited the moment for rejoining the party.

When I sauntered up to the cars, that young ass Smethwick yelled out, "The return of Jabez Woolf," and switched his headlights full on me. The remark did not seem particularly funny, and I could not see why everyone laughed like blazes. At least I couldn't see why until I looked at myself and saw that my face, arms and legs were stained a delicate green!

As I said to my wife on the Channel boat the next morning, no woman runs true to form. Otherwise a girl with a nature like Veronica's would have had a bathing dress with "fast" colours!

ON COMO'S SUNKISSED SHORES

Donald McLeish

A view of the ancient chapel near Bellagio, on the banks of the beautiful Lake Como. With its famous Villa d'Este, Como is one of the most beautiful and popular of places in the summer months

ABOVE the MONASTERY at MONTSERRAT

G.P.U.

A view of the Benedictine Monastery, which nestles high up against the mountain side, taken from the funicular railway. The surrounding country, which is singularly attractive, will be seen by many of the large number of visitors to the Barcelona Exhibition

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

TENNIS

By

MICHAEL ARLEN

Illustrated by

HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"So you haven't gone!"

"I got as far as Putney, when I realised I could just as well go in the morning."

"But won't you have to start very early?"

"Nine. The match won't come on till eleven. Why, you're quite white, Julia!"

"Well, you gave me rather a start—thinking you weren't coming back to-night."

"I was sure you'd be asleep, so I came in as quietly as I could."

"You must have come in on tip-toe!"

"It seems to annoy you."

"Well, it is *rather* annoying—your stealing about the house."

"Oh, nonsense, Julia!"

"I know it is, but, all the same, one doesn't somehow think of a man of six-foot-two stealing into his house and up the stairs on tip-toe."

"Really, Julia, you're too ridiculous! Naturally, a man comes into his house as quietly as he can when he thinks his wife is asleep. If I *had* slammed the door and you *had* been asleep you'd have been furious."

"Oh, dear, I suppose you're right."

"Of course I am, even though the way you say that puts me in the wrong. I never dreamt you'd be awake, anyhow. It's past midnight, and you said at ten you were tired."

"I just thought I'd read a little first. You know how it is—one begins reading—and then it's past midnight!"

"Got any cigarettes in here?"

"Oh, dear, there, on the dressing-table."

"How I hate these beastly straw-tipped things of yours!"

"And how I hate cigarette smoke in my bedroom just before I go to sleep! Geoffrey, please don't smoke now."

"Good Lord, I no sooner come into your room and you get sleepy!"

"Darling, is that so very unnatural?"

"While if I leave you at ten because you say you are tired—I find you still reading at midnight!"

"Well, don't let's sit up all night bickering about it."

"I'm not bickering."

"Very well, darling, you're not bickering. But remember you have got a hard match to-morrow."

"Oh, I can beat Transome on my head!"

"Such a surprise for it!"

"It?"

"Your head, darling—to be used after all these years."

"I tell you what, Julia—you've been getting confoundedly sharp with me lately."

"Nothing to what I will be, darling, if you insist on keeping me awake until all hours talking nonsense."

"So I'm talking nonsense, am I?"

"Of course not, darling! You are the most brilliantly intelligent man I know."

"I'll tell you what—I'm intelligent

(All rights strictly reserved)

enough to have noticed that your main idea lately has been to get me out of your bedroom as soon as I come into it."

"'Twould be chastity in a maid—'tis an insult in a wife."

"I wish you wouldn't try to be clever when I'm trying to talk sense."

"But, darling, I'm sleepy!"

"Oh, yes, you're always sleepy nowadays. Look here, Julia, I'm not going to stand it."

"Not going to stand what, darling—my being sleepy?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean."

"I assure you I don't! All I can see is that you are being extraordinarily aggressive about nothing."

"I suppose you call it 'nothing' that a woman complains she's sleepy every time she sees her husband."

"But I don't call it 'nothing'! I call it perfectly natural in the case of a good many husbands."

"I suppose that's meant for me?"

"Of course not, darling. I yield to no one in my admiration for your many fascinating qualities as a man, as a tennis player, and as a companion."

"I know I'm not clever and all that, but that's no reason why you should sneer at me."

"Geoffrey, please, *please* go to bed now—instead of keeping us both up talking nonsense!"

"Well, I don't call it nonsense—see? I've been wanting a talk with you for a long time."

"Oh, dear!"

"That's it—sigh away! You're always sighing about something lately—good God!"

"Now what is it?"

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Geoffrey, why are you looking at me like that?"

"I've just noticed that the book you've been holding in your hand ever since I came in is upside down—that's all!"

"Well, of all the babies! I *had* been reading, and then I put the book down to get something, and I'd just picked it up again when you——"

"Now take a deep breath and try another line."

"Geoffrey, are you crazy? Why on earth should I want to pretend to you I was reading when I wasn't?"

"I don't know. I fancy I don't know many things. But I'm jolly well going to get to the bottom of all I can."

"From the way you're looking round the bedroom anyone would think you were looking for——"

"I don't give a damn for what anyone would think. Now, just listen to me."

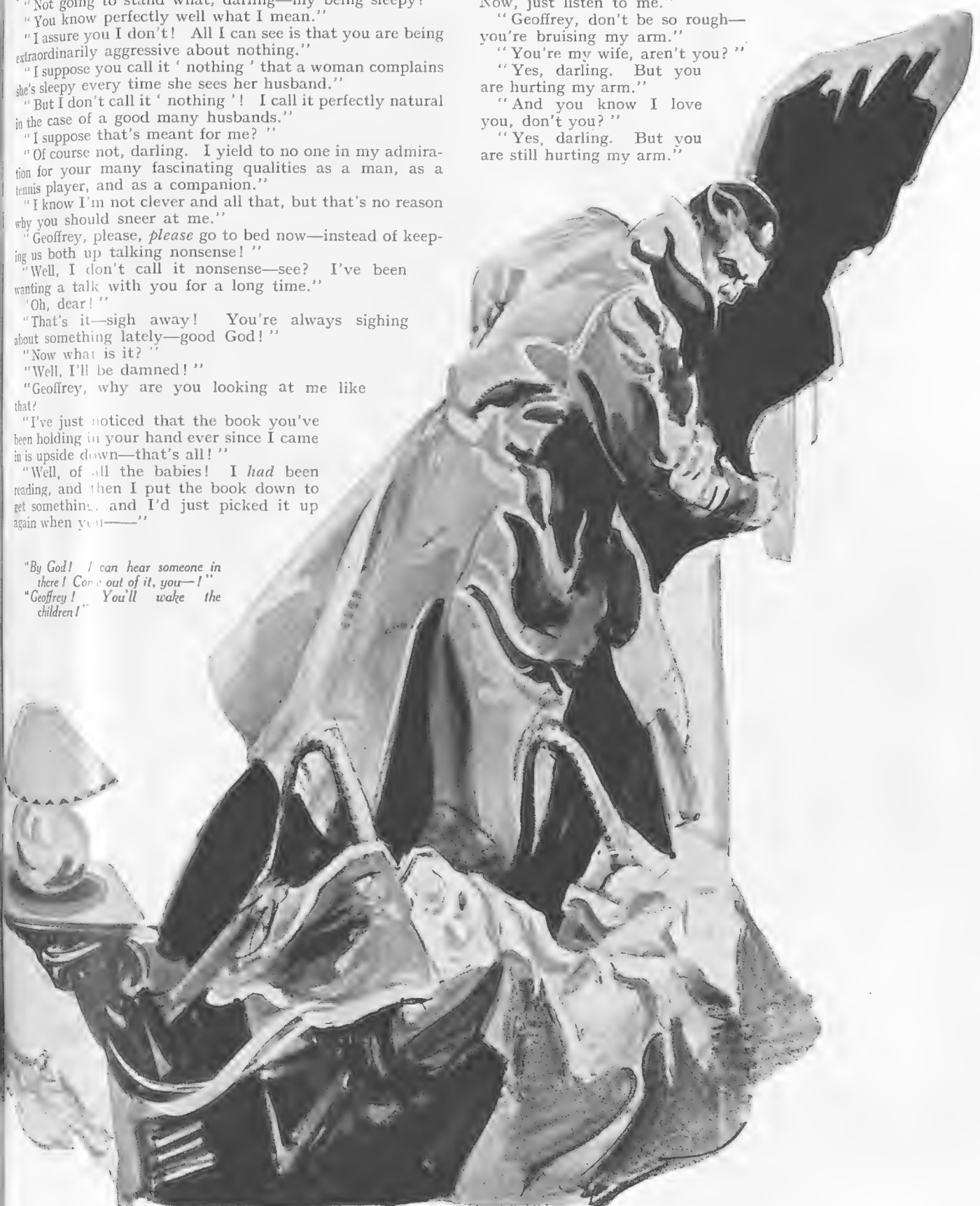
"Geoffrey, don't be so rough—you're bruising my arm."

"You're my wife, aren't you?"

"Yes, darling. But you are hurting my arm."

"And you know I love you, don't you?"

"Yes, darling. But you are still hurting my arm."



"By God! I can hear someone in there! Come out of it, you—!"
"Geoffrey! You'll wake the children!"

"Listen to me, Julia—what has been the matter with you these last few weeks?"

"Matter, darling?"

"God, you've got eyes as innocent as an angel's!"

"Thank you, darling."

"Julia, why have you been so difficult lately?"

"Difficult? Do you mean sleepy?"

"If you think you're going to get out of this by laughing at me you're mistaken."

"Geoffrey, have you been drinking?"

"Julia, why have you absolutely refused to be a wife to me ever since we came back from Cannes?"

"But I haven't refused!"

"Not in so many words, perhaps; but by your evasions, it has come to that."

"Come to what, darling?"

"Confound you, Julia, try and be serious for once!"

"Very well. Only, look out!"

"You mean that if you once begin being serious . . . ?"

"I mean that a serious woman and a submissive wife are incompatible."

"I'm not going to be put off by your second-rate cleverness. Look here, you've scarcely even let me kiss you lately, have you? Why?"

"Are you sure you really want to know?"

"I'm damn well going to know!"

"You'll be angry."

"Go on."

"Heavens, how angry you'll be!"

"Go *on!*"

"I've every intention of going on. To begin with, how long have we been married?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You'll see. How long, my darling? Oh, how long?"

"Well, five years. Go on."

"And how have you spent these five years?"

"Me! How have *I* spent them?"

"Yes, you. Oh, dear, don't gape at me! It makes me want to scream."

"What the devil are you getting at, Julia?"

"What is your record as a husband these last five years?"

"Damnation, anyone would think I was in the dock!"

"Well, let me tell you. You have spent the five years of our married life in being a good sportsman and a popular fellow."

"Look here, you're not daring to tell me that I haven't been a good husband?"

"Oh dear yes, you've been a good husband! An unfaithful husband might conceivably make love to his wife now and then just to soothe his conscience."

"I call that an indecent and un-English remark."

"Levelled at you, the great English sportsman—isn't it terrible, Geoffrey!"

"I wish I knew what you are talking about. I ask you why you haven't let me come near you lately and you answer by sneering at me for playing games!"

"I don't mind your playing games."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure."

"What I *do* mind is your not playing the game with me."

"For heaven's sake, Julia!"

"Well?"

"Don't let's say things we'll be sorry for later."

"I shan't be sorry, I assure you, to end an impossible situation."

"But what have I *done*, Julia? How haven't I played the game with you?"

"You have never made love to me once during the five years of our married life. You have taken me completely for granted. You have never wooed me, you have never tried to please me. You have come home tired from playing your idiotic tennis and have expected me to be your refreshment and your solace. Like almost every other sportsman you are as idiotically vain as a peacock, yet you take good care not to show that to anyone but your wife. You are kind to animals. You court dogs and horses, but you have made a convenience of my bed. You have never been my lover in all this time. I am supposed to be beautiful. That is why you 'love' me. I am young. That is why I fell in love with you. I have borne you three children, and you were impatient for the birth of each so that you could again use my youth and use up my beauty. And all that's the truth, may God forgive you"

"Jove, Julia, what an actress!"

"Oh, I'm not acting!"

"I meant, what an actress you've been all this time. I never dreamt that you hated me."

"Oh, I don't hate you. No, Geoffrey dear, I don't hate you. I have no feelings of any kind towards you."

"You know how to hurt, don't you?"

"While you, my handsome Geoffrey, hurt unconsciously and casually, like a conqueror. You have been hurting me for five years. Now that is over."

"Oh, is it?"

"The umpire's decision, darling, is final. No umpire being available at such short notice, I am substituting for him."

"To hell with the umpire!"

"A most unworthy sentiment coming from the only Englishman who can actually get as far as the semi-finals at Wimbledon!"

"So it's over, is it—your being my wife?"

"Technically, no. Actually, yes."

"And I suppose it counts for nothing that I love you, that you are the only woman I have ever loved?"

"You use the word 'love,' Geoffrey, as though you hated it."

"Julia, you are my wife. You are going on being my wife."

"But, darling, William the Conqueror died in 1087!"

"Mock away! But, by God——"

"Don't touch me!"

"Stop me!"

"Geoffrey!"

"By God, you look at me as though——"

"That's better! Now we can breathe."

"You look at me as though I were a stranger!"

"You are."

"Then you refuse to be my wife?"

"Yes. Until you court me as a man should court a woman."

"Court? Where the devil do you get these fancy words?"

"The English language, dear, holds more words than a

(*Continued on page* ii)

By A. R. Cane

MAGISTRATE: "Are you sure your correct name is Feather?"
PRISONER: "No, yer worship, that's me *nom de plume*"

WORTHINGTON IMPRESSIONS

NO. 3—THE SCHOOLMASTER

As his wife sees him

As the Third Form at Bathurst sees him

As his fellow masters see him

As an old Bathusian sees him

PARIS GOSSIP

FIGHTS, FOOD & FLOWERS

By JAY MARTIN

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

A Frenchman shouted across the floor to the coatless man, "You are a pig! I say you are a pig!"

AN over-ripe Spring has scattered the rose-coloured chestnut blossoms about, Paris is filled in the daytime with printed crêpe de chine *ensembles* with short coats, and people are getting into fights in night-clubs, due to the weather. At least one fight was due to the weather; in the Bœuf sur le Toit the other evening I looked before me and saw a man sitting there in his shirt sleeves. I thought that I must be dizzy in the head and seeing things, or that he was crazy.

SUDDENLY, after the head-waiter's quietly expressed objections, a Frenchman shouted across the floor to the coatless man, "You are a *pig*. I say, you are a *pig*!" The so-called pig merely smiled. The Frenchman snarled, "*Vous êtes un cochon!*" The bland head-waiter presented the bill. The client rose to put on his coat, and the crowd cheered and whistled. Then, Sock! Bang! The companion of the unconventional stranger went over and gave the man who had called his friend a pig an awful slap in the face. Then there was a scuffle, and even Arthur Rubinstein, the pianist, got on a table to watch the fun. The Editor of THE BYSTANDER had sent Fred May, the artist, to Paris for a few days to get some Inspiration, and had asked me to show him the town. I certainly started him out well. My only trouble was keeping May from joining in the fight, he was so furious because the Frenchman had taken it for granted that the coatless man was an Anglo-Saxon, who, being a Portuguese, had been so unruffled at being called both a pig and a *cochon*.

THE best places to dine these evenings are at the Ambassadeurs and the Château de Madrid in the Bois, and the latter place is also filled at teatime with people returning from the races or the tennis matches. Armenonville is the most attractive place in the Bois for lunch. But the Ambassadeurs will, as it did last year, put every other place out of business from dinner until twelve o'clock, when everybody rushes either to the Grand Ecart, Florence's, or the newly-opened Kit Kat. The other night at the Ambassadeurs the boy with whom I was dancing picked up from the floor a diamond link belonging to somebody's bracelet. The floor was so crowded we couldn't get off, so he danced around with the clasp in the hand, hoping to attract the owner's attention. Then he looked down and seeing something gold glittering on the floor said, "There are the works of the watch." "Let's look some more," I said, "and maybe we will find the lady."

THE Comtesse Charles de Noailles is giving a party, when the guests are to wear costumes representing "Opera and Operette." I suggested to a friend to go as the bull from *Carmen*.

IT is really ridiculous that Mary Garden denies appearing in several operas new to Paris, because I know better. In fact, the only reason I have been going to the tennis matches is to get some front-page dope about music *via* the Garden. Why, I heard a man say to the Mary, "I am coming down to see you rehearse in *Judith*," and she said, "I don't know it it will be worth it." So far I don't know any details about the cast. I don't even know who is to sing Holofernes. In fact, I might say I don't know who will be the head man in *that* show. (See your Two Black Crows discs.) *Judith of Benhulia* and *The Eve of St. Agnes* will be played at the Théâtre de Champs Elysées, beginning June 19.

A FEW evenings ago I went into the latter theatre to hear the Russian Opera's production of *Prince Igor*. The opera is pretty slow, but the ballet makes up for it. I don't know why, but wherever I go in this world there seems to be a middle-aged woman in the opera chorus who resembles a nursemaid whom I had in my youth. It really cannot be she, as any nursemaid of my youth would either be dead by now or insane. I suppose it's just the *type*, you know.

MY little boy-friends, Ross and Sargent, who, by the time the article is published, will be singing in London at

(Continued on page 598)

?

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A GIFT OF GARDENIAS

(Continued from page 596)

the Carlton, told me that Cole Porter, the composer of "Wake Up and Dream," had offered them a contract for his next autumn's New York show. But there is one provision: they must return to America disguised as Austrians, as Porter has gone Vienna-mad. They asked my advice about a suitable pseudonym, and I suggested "Wiener and Schnitzel."

THE evening of the General Election in England I happened to be *chez* the Princesse Marthe Bibesco, who had been warned by letter from Sir Philip Sassoon that he was sending her a box of tulips from his place. The box arrived by air, and opening it, a most divine fragrance came forth. "Tulips?" I sniffed, "what kind of tulips are *these*?" Removing the paper, we discovered dozens of gardenias, hundreds and hundreds of lilies of the valley, peculiar orchids, roses and tulips. "Any man," I said, "who sends such flowers to France by air during election time *should* be elected."

THE gardenias came in especially handy the following day, for the Princesse had them beside her during one of the most maddening and interesting events I have ever witnessed. I have heard of lion-hunting, being one of the breed, so my enemies say. (Ha! Ha! That for my enemies! Snap! Snap!) And they tell me of African spots where lions may be found in hordes, but never before have I seen so many in one place at one time. There was a great sale of autographed books for the charitable works of the "Association des Ecrivains Combattants," which took place at the hotel Salomon de Rothschild.

EVERY prominent writer in France autographed and sold his books, and it was perfectly dreadful finding one's favourite authors—for they all were there—surrounded by what looked to be the entire literate population of Paris. There were, ladies first, the Princesse Bibesco, the Princesse Lucien Murat, the Comtesse de Noailles, the Comtesse de Gramont, Colette, Rachilde, and Titayna, whose *Bonjour la Terre* is creating a stir; there was Paul Geraldy, and Paul Reboux; there was Edouard Herriot, the ex-minister and Socialist Mayor of Lyons, a writer in his spare time; Francis Carco, Francis de Croisset, Tristan Bernard, André Maurois, Maurice Donnay, Roland Dorgèles. And all of them were "shot," too. You cannot imagine the bombardment that went on, for every other minute a flashlight photograph was taken of some celebrity. J. M.

"Here are the works of a watch"

CELEBRITIES AT DEAUVILLE

In this delightfully unconventional scene on the beach at Deauville we see the famous Mistinguett (left) and the famous Foujita, the Japanese artist, en bonne amitié

On the Continent

AMONG the many inland watering places on the Continent, one that is steadily increasing in popularity is Bad Nauheim, the watering-place in Hesse. Your true cosmopolitan is never slow to realise the assets of a really good hotel, no matter where it may be situated, and it is not surprising that among the visitors to Jeschke's Grand Hotel at Bad Nauheim are well-known people from all over the world. Among recent visitors to this popular hotel were Herr and Frau Consul Herfurth, Leipzig, Freiherr and Freifrau von Thüngen, Schloss Zeitlofs, Unterfranken; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Middleton, of New York, have left after a six weeks' stay for Berlin; after touring in the South of France and Spain Mr. and Mrs. Henry and Mrs. George F. Hatton, of San Francisco, have arrived for the cure. Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Bryant, of Los Angeles, with son and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Yarnall, of Philadelphia, have arrived from Paris. Mr. Josef Uihlein, Milwaukee, is again amongst the old customers of Jeschkes. Mr. and Mrs. Friend, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Parke, of Pittsburg, were coming in a flying machine from Hungaria. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Housman, of New York, have arrived in their eight-cylinder Packard from Paris.

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The PROBLEM of the GIRL ACTRESS

By

HANNEN SWAFFER

Lenare

Gillian Lind (left), Margot Sieveking and Adrianne Allen in a scene from "Why Dras in Marriage?"

WHEN, on the first night of *Rain*, in London, Olga Lindo got her first real chance, she was so nervous that, at the end, she thought the entire gallery was shouting "Vulgar," which I suppose it was. Much to her surprise, it turned out to be "Olga," instead.

She was "Olga" for several plays—in *The Better People*, for instance, when the gallery yelled her name. When, for some plays afterwards, she went to first-nights to watch her rivals, it was just the same.

Recently she has been on tour looking for a play, chaffing about, "I want to find a nice man who will back me," wondering about her future. Now she has found *The Stranger Within*. Still she wonders. . . .

The tragedy of the actress is that she comes and goes. . . .

Marjorie Mars had a great success in *The Silver Cord*. She is the niece of Gwennie Mars, the old "Follies" girl. So, like Olga, she comes of a theatrical famil

I last heard of her in *The Chinese Bungalow*, quite capable, but with little promise of the stardom that *The Silver Cord* yelling promised her.

THE tragedy of all these young actresses is that there is no one to teach them their business nowadays, and there is no place where they can learn. Sir Ben Greet used to do it and, before him, or at the same time, Sarah Thorne. Sir Frank Benson taught quite a lot. Who is there to follow?

Promising girls burst suddenly on the horizon one unexpected night. "Young Actress's Triumph" appears in the top heading of the dramatic criticisms. They get all a-flutter and fancy themselves young Bernhardts. Alas! It is usually a one-play triumph.

Benita Hume, a talented girl, scored some success recently in a play of the Noel Coward kind. I gave her a nice leg-up and so did most of the critics. Anyway, the stage found no place for her afterwards, so she is on the films, doing very well.

Norah Robinson, stepping suddenly into Meggie Albanesi's part in *East of Suez*, created a minor sensation at the dress rehearsal of *East of Suez*.

I often see her about, but I do not know what she is doing. She gave a clever enough performance in *The Silent House*, but, after that, I do not know. . . .

Eugene Hutchinson

Edna Best, who played opposite her husband, Herbert Marshall, in "Paris Bound," before its recent withdrawal. They had a season in America before opening at the Apollo Theatre

The explanation, perhaps, is Lynn Fontane's. She is an actress of whom I had never heard, until quite recently, when it was announced that she was coming back from America, a Theatre Guild star, the wife of a well-known actor called Alfred Lunt. She returned for a great part in one of New York's most successful plays of recent years. America gave her her great chance, which London had denied her.

"Come to New York," Laurette Taylor said.

She did. Had she stayed here she would probably now be earning £15 or £20 a week at the most.

HERMIONE BADDELEY'S chance came in *The Likes of 'Er*, where she had to smash some crockery. Whenever an actress has to smash crockery you know that everyone will cheer, and that all the critics will say, "How marvellous." They do not know that I often smash crockery quite as effectively just for fun. Anyone can smash crockery. You get married and try.

No one has taken Hermione in hand, which a girl of her temperament requires. They once chased her to Spain, where she was spending her honeymoon, to give her a part in *Holding Out the Apple*, but it held out only for a week. Now she is in musical comedy, although her performance in *The Shanghai Gesture*, in spite of the fact that she was far from well, showed that she has the stuff of which actresses are made.

Her sister Angela has been more fortunate. She went to Australia with Dion Boucicault, a producer who can teach young actresses their job. She

WHERE CAN THE ACTRESS LEARN HER JOB?

played the Barrie parts there, one after the other, and then she came back, better equipped than any other girl of her age.

In *One Hundred Years Old* she gave a perfect performance, cram-full of sweetness, just like a box of candy tied in pink. You see, she has been in short runs, as a rule. They are bad from the money point of view, but good in the end You get variety, training. . . .

Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is one of the tragedies of the stage. Her performance in *The Immortal Hour,* where she sang with a thin, reed-like soprano and moved with a faerie grace, is still remembered by thousands as one of the greatest achievements of our time. She played Juliet, she won Shaw's enthusiasm in *Back to Methuselah,* and in *The Lady with a Lamp* she portrayed both youth and age in a part full of character and full of brains. Yet she has never reached the big money stage. When she was acting at her best she did not get much more than £20 a week.

It was New York that thought Beatrix Thomson, who is the wife of Claude Rains, an actress of merit. I do not see London managers rushing after her.

Edna Davies, who started off with influence behind her, has gone a certain distance, and stuck. Marie Ney, a young New Zealand actress, has done brilliant things at the Old Vic, but that is a theatre where West End managers never go.

Ann Trevor has gone part of the way to distinction, but her scarcity of inches is against her, perhaps. Mollie Kerr gave an almost electrical performance in *Escape,* and then had to go to America for preferment, this in spite of the fact that her father, Fred Kerr, is a most respected and talented actor, and her brother Geoffrey has been hailed by Broadway as some sort of star.

Maisie Darrell and Ann Codrington are two bright young things, but where they will land heaven only knows. As for Jeanne de Casalis, she came from Africa full of brains and full of enthusiasm. Yet she has drifted about from failure to failure. She gave the best performance in that disgraceful play, *Fata Morgana,* and *Uncle Vanya* gave her a chance of showing cleverness of another kind. Yet either she lacks the one gift that pushes an actress to the top, or else—and this I would prefer to say—we do not possess managers who understand what players can do if they are taught and helped.

Margaret Bannerman has had all the chances, but failed to make the most of them. She was a star in play after play at the Globe, but Anthony Prinsep, whose wife she now is, lost a lot of money, got rid of his lease, and, for the time at least, is out of the business.

Edna Best has been one of the lucky ones. She has limitations, it is true. She always acts in a determined sort of way, as though she is going to push it over, whether it is there or not. She has little grace, but in *The Constant Nymph* she gave a splendid performance. She must now repeat it in other parts. Still, in spite of her cleverness, she cannot draw, or *Paris Bound,* in which she appeared with Herbert Marshall, now her husband, would have run longer than a month.

Janet Jevons

Hermione Baddeley, a clever young actress

I am moved to discuss all these problems by the sudden success of Gillian Lind.

Miss Lind is one of those young actresses, after being born in India, who has got on by sheer hard work. After four years on tour she volunteered for lots of those Sunday night shows that bore me so much that I never go to them. She has taken her job very seriously. I never see her in those restaurants to which so many young actresses rush directly after they have seen their names in the papers for the first time.

In *Paris Bound* she played a drunken scene so admirably that the critics insisted on repeating what they had said for months—that she was a brilliant young girl.

Then came the extraordinary paradox that, while Edna Best, the star of *Paris Bound,* was probably wondering what she was going to do, Gillian Lind found her name in electric lights at the Strand, and this only about a week after *Paris Bound* had been withdrawn. She had played in *Why Drag in Marriage?* one Sunday night, and so, when George Grossmith wanted a play, there she was, ready for the principal part.

Well, in *Why Drag in Marriage?* Miss Lind justified Grossmith's belief in her. She had a very difficult part, one in which, in the last act, she had to contradict, in her character, all that she had shown earlier in the play. She held the house. She tore applause from people very tired and rather bored after the excitement of the previous night's Election results.

Yes, she was a star.

But what is to become of her now? What manager is there who can develop her cleverness? What producer is there who can teach her what she doesn't know?

Those are the things the stage lacks to-day. We have the raw material by the ton. Yet we have little that can mould it, develop it, make it a marketable thing. That is why the English stage is falling back. That is why, when they want a star, the London managers have to go abroad. H. S.

One unpleasantness of the swelled head is the cold shoulder.

* * *

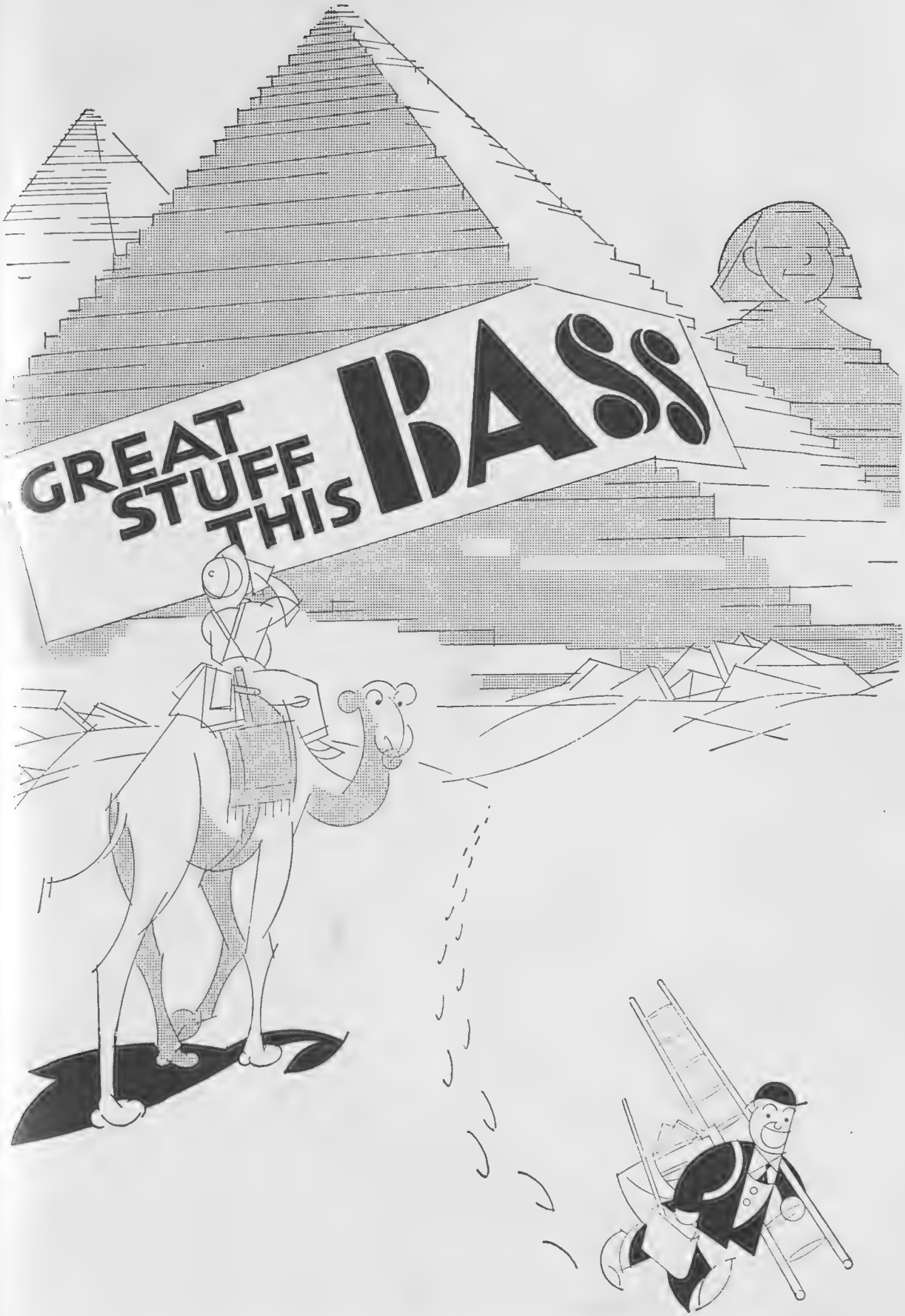
A happy marriage is one in which the husband makes an allowance for the wife and the wife makes allowances for the husband.

* * *

Furniture dug up at Herculaneum has been found in perfect condition. Evidently there was no moving in those days.

* * *

Your wife would probably be as wonderful as that one you saw on the films if she had as wonderful a husband as that one you saw on the films.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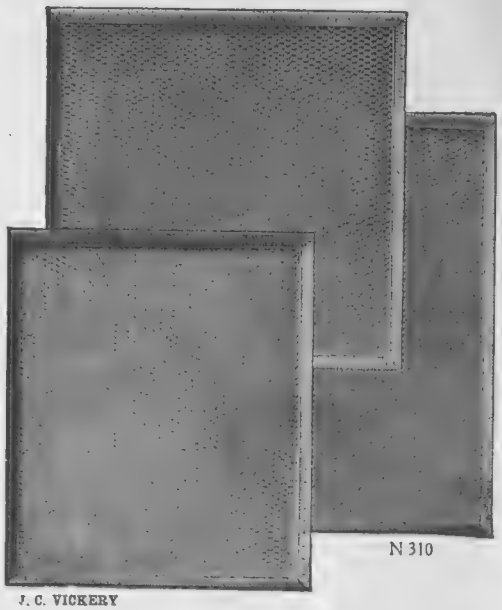

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A settee from a Queen Anne suite of walnut furniture on cabriole legs and club feet. The seat and back are stuffed and covered with Soho tapestry

FURNITURE OF CHARM

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

QUEEN ANNE may indeed be dead, but this generation will certainly never forget her name, for England has gone crazy about the furniture attributed to her time. Not that furniture changes its entire characteristics with the accession of each new monarch—that would be a farcical idea—but that the particular style of furniture evolved during the reigns of William and Mary and lasting well into the reign of George I was at the height of its beauty during Queen Anne's reign. In fact, it did not suffer eclipse until 1720, when mahogany was discovered and the influence of Chippendale and his school changed the prevailing mode.

ONE of the greatest joys of the majority of people is the adequate furnishing of a home. Even when this is not actually possible, think of the fun we all get from furnishing, in imagination, the perfect house of our dreams. There are several obvious reasons why the present vogue for Queen Anne furniture is so great, and why it appears to have come to stay. Simplicity was combined with the most graceful design, and walnut, an extremely lovely wood, was in general use for most of the important pieces. Above all, this was the first time in the history of English furniture that comfort was considered as essential as beauty of line. This can easily be seen if one compares the long, straight-backed, slippery-seated oak chairs of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods with those of Queen Anne. The latter, as is aptly expressed in a book I have been reading, "are now adapted to the human frame instead of the human frame having to adapt itself to the chair." To a great extent this may be accounted for by the greater pliability of walnut over oak. The back was curved to fit the sitter's neck, while the splat was shaped to give comfort to the back and shoulders. Also, and this is a great advantage, the seat was generally

COLLECTOR'S THOUGHTS

stuffed with canvas, which was covered with decorative needlework in coloured wools and silks. Armchairs were far more numerous, many of these were "wing" chairs entirely upholstered and covered with exquisite embroidery. This was a kindly and tolerant age when there was armchairs whose width of seat in front was nearly three feet, and known as "drunkards' chairs," and giving ample room for a man to comfortably collapse.

ANOTHER great advance in the direction of comfort was made upon the oak settee. This was the double chair or settee, which used to be called a "love-seat," though in these days of divans and floor cushions they might be found inadequate. Most of these were of light and graceful design with upholstered seats and beautifully shaped arms and feet. Cabriole legs, claw and ball feet, and the oyster-shell pattern are the special features of Queen Anne chairs whose influence remains up to the present day.

SO my purse being unlimited my imaginary house is lavishly supplied with beautiful chairs. Attention can be turned to the other products of this gracious age. Bedsteads were still rather heavy and ornate in design, four-posters covered with most voluminous drapery; so I should prefer modern beds copied in walnut and conforming in other ways to the style of the period.

Two chairs from the same suite as the settee seen above. This lot, which consisted of a settee and six chairs, fetched £8,400 at a recent sale

BEAUTY AND THE BUREAU

A rare Queen Anne walnut small folding table. It is supported on a pillar and tripod

I think they would be more hygienic. But nothing could be more attractive for my lady's bedroom than a Queen Anne writing table used as a dressing table. By this I do not mean a bureau, but the flat-topped table with a knee-hole and drawers down each side, newly introduced at this time. Upon it should stand a toilet mirror, which can have one or two small drawers or not, according to one's taste. In fact, such is the quantity of Queen Anne mirrors, hanging and otherwise, that one is led to believe the population suffered from an inordinate desire to study their persons at every available opportunity—a fortunate thing for us, for the majority of these mirrors are of charming shape and most valuable for decorative as well as practical purposes.

S

DRAWING-ROOM furniture presents no difficulty. Mine would be of marquetry, the fashion for which came to England from Holland. It was most beautifully carried out in wardrobes, china cupboards, tables, etc. It is extremely handsome, but I admit rather more ornate and gives a heavier impression than the more characteristically English bureaux and tallboys in plain walnut. Some of these plainer bureaux are very lovely, for veneering attained an extremely high standard, excellent effects being produced by cross-banding and varying the course of the grains. Oak was originally used as a base, but later deal was employed, as the veneer was apt to come away from the oak. Consequently it is a great mistake, and one frequently made, to condemn an article as spurious because the base is not oak.

S

IT is a fortunate thing for us that our eighteenth-century ancestors had so great a love for coffee-houses and gaming. For they have handed down to us the most beautiful card-tables that have ever been made, folding ones with cabriole legs, claw and ball feet, and having each corner of the table rounded, with a niche in which to place one's glass—or, possibly, "dish of tay." Some had even special compartments for counters.

S

I HAVE not space to describe the furnishing of the whole house in detail, but at least I hope I have justified my enthusiasm for Queen Anne furniture sufficiently to make my readers envious of some of the contents of my imaginary house.

GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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OUR RACING HINTS

By "OLD ORKNEY"

We had two nice winners—Arran Beg, 7 to 2, and Lady Abbess, 100 to 30—on the opening day of Epsom week, but we missed the winner of the Derby.

The successful horses referred to were not selected for any particular race, and we again remind our readers that the "Six to Follow" given weekly should be supported each way until they win.

POLVERAJA
(Ch. C., by Suader—Polkerris).
Owner, Mr. "Sol" Joel. Trainer, Earl.
Although this well-bred colt failed to get the better of Lady Abbess at Epsom on Tuesday, in the Woodcote Stakes (six furlongs), he will improve on this performance.

MAMMA
(Bl. Filly, by Manna—Willonya).
Owner, Mr. C. E. Howard. Trainer, F. Darling.
When making her debut at Bath, in the Badminton Plate (five furlongs), was heavily backed, but, running a bit green, could only manage to get third to the more experienced Myron. A money-spinner in future.

POLIWOG
(Br. M., by Polygnotus—Lady Oswald).
Owner, Sir E. Wills. Trainer, De Winton.
This mare was the medium of some heavy wagering when third to Cherrypicker at Bath in the Spring Handicap (five furlongs). Is running into form and must be followed.

LANSON
(Brown G., by Son-in-Law—Llangussie).
Owner, Mr. D. Goold. Trainer, R. J. Colling.
Carried a lot of good money when running fourth to Talpa at York in the Flying Dutchman Welter Handicap (onemile and a quarter). He was badly away. Do not miss him in races of a mile and a quarter to a mile and a half.

BACHELOR'S DATE
(Ch. Colt, by Bachelor's Double—Datine).
Owner, Lt.-Col. J. Carthew. Trainer, S. Wootton.
Was well supported when beaten a head by Charnwood at Windsor in the Craigwell Handicap (one mile and a quarter). He was giving weight. Will be getting his head in front, very likely at the next time of asking.

I.N.A.

THE AMERICAN STAR WINS AT LAST!
Reigh Count (J. Childs up) being led in by his trainer, Michel, after winning the Coronation Cup at Epsom. Starting at 10 to 1, he beat Athford in a thrilling finish by a short head

THE URCHIN
(Br. G., by Stratford—Lawless).
Owner, Lady de Trafford. Trainer, Cottrill.
This gelding showed marked improvement on his two previous outings, when running second to Arran Beg at Epsom in the Ashtead Selling Plate. He was supported in the right quarter, and was only beaten a head.

No race meeting in the world can be compared with Ascot for comfortable surroundings and value of the stakes, the total of which depends on the number of horses running.

America's representative, Reigh Count, who won the Coronation Cup at Epsom, and the French "crack," Palais Royal II, are expected to meet the pick of the English and Irish horses in the Gold Cup (two miles and a half). I prefer the chances of the French representative.

M. Wittouck's colt, Palais Royal II, is now at Burbage, at H. Braime's stable, but in France he has been in the charge of Frank Bullock, the ex-jockey, and he is reported to be in excellent condition.

Palais Royal II's first race in England was for the Derby last year, won by Felstead, and he then went on to finish second in the St. Leger to Fairway before carrying off the Cambridgeshire.

Mr. "Sol" Joel appears to hold the key to the Royal Hunt Cup (seven furlongs) with Knight of the Grail, Porthole and Trelawny. The former has been such a big disappointment since his victory in Ireland two years ago that many faithful followers have deserted him, but I consider him a second St. Mary's Kirk, who lost sixteen consecutive races before running away with the Chester Cup last year at a very nice price. If Mr. Joel has the three representatives it will pay to wager on each one of them win and place.

At no meeting is a knowledge of breeding of more importance than at Ascot with its long distance events. In these follow Santoi, Hurry On, Son-in-Law, Flamboyant and Achtoi stock.

The Irish three-year-old, Golden Lullaby had been well schooled for her Epsom race and must be considered a very unlucky loser.

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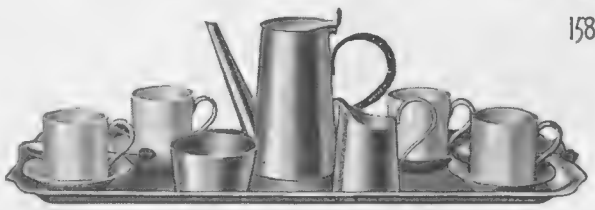

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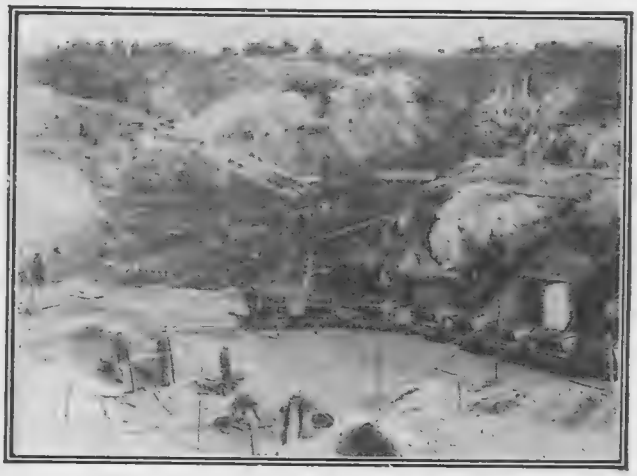
THE BENGUELA RAILWAY

OPENS UP A NEW FIELD FOR ADVENTURE IN AFRICA

Many trains on the Benguela Railway are hauled by articulated Garratt engines of this type. These engines rank amongst the most powerful locomotives in the world

Outside the railway station at Benguela, an important trading centre in Angola, and the town from which the railway takes its name

Off loading direct from rolling stock into steamships moored alongside the new wharf at Lobito Bay. Extensive harbour works are being constructed here



Ruashi Mine—a few miles out of Elizabethville—an excellent example of the many large open cast copper mines which form an important objective of the Benguela Railway

Motor trolley running over the temporary section of the line used while this bridge on the permanent way is under construction

Tennis court at Lobito Bay, near the site of the new Hotel de Luxe which is shortly to be built and which will provide every modern comfort

Central Africa can at last be reached by a direct line of travel and transport. The Benguela Railway was officially opened on the June 10, by the Portuguese Minister of the Colonies, the ceremony taking place at the Angola-Belgium Congo border, 830 miles inland from Lobito Bay, on the West Coast of Africa, and attended by prominent representatives of Great Britain, Portugal and Belgium. H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught went out specially from England to be present. Intended primarily as a direct outlet to the markets of Europe for the immense tonnage of copper produced by the Union Miniere du Haut-Katanga, the great importance of the Benguela Railway in other respects is now realised. It gives Africa its first transcontinental all-rail line, enabling travellers between America, Western Europe, and the Far East to cross and see Africa en route. It saves over 2,000 miles of distance and approximately a week of time on mails, passengers, and goods transported between Europe and districts in Central Africa. As an economic outlet, it will stimulate the further development and settlement of Africa's vast central plateau, an area half the size of Europe, blessed with a delightful and healthy climate, exceptional fertility and an amazing wealth of copper and other minerals. The Benguela Railway is one of the achievements of Sir Robert Williams, who was created a baronet in 1928 in recognition of his many contributions over the past half a century to African development. Its terminus on the Atlantic is Lobito Bay, 12 degrees South of the Equator, a great natural harbour which the largest steamships can enter or leave any hour of day or night. Grandeur of scenery is provided by the high and arid coastal barrier through which the railway at first climbs, and the plateau beyond is the beautiful "Heart of Africa" which captivated Livingstone, Cameron and other early explorers. The extension of the railway through the Congo to connect up with the lines running South and East is being hurried to completion by the Belgians. This route makes Northern Rhodesia and other Central African Colonies much nearer neighbours, for which reason it should most favourably influence British trade.

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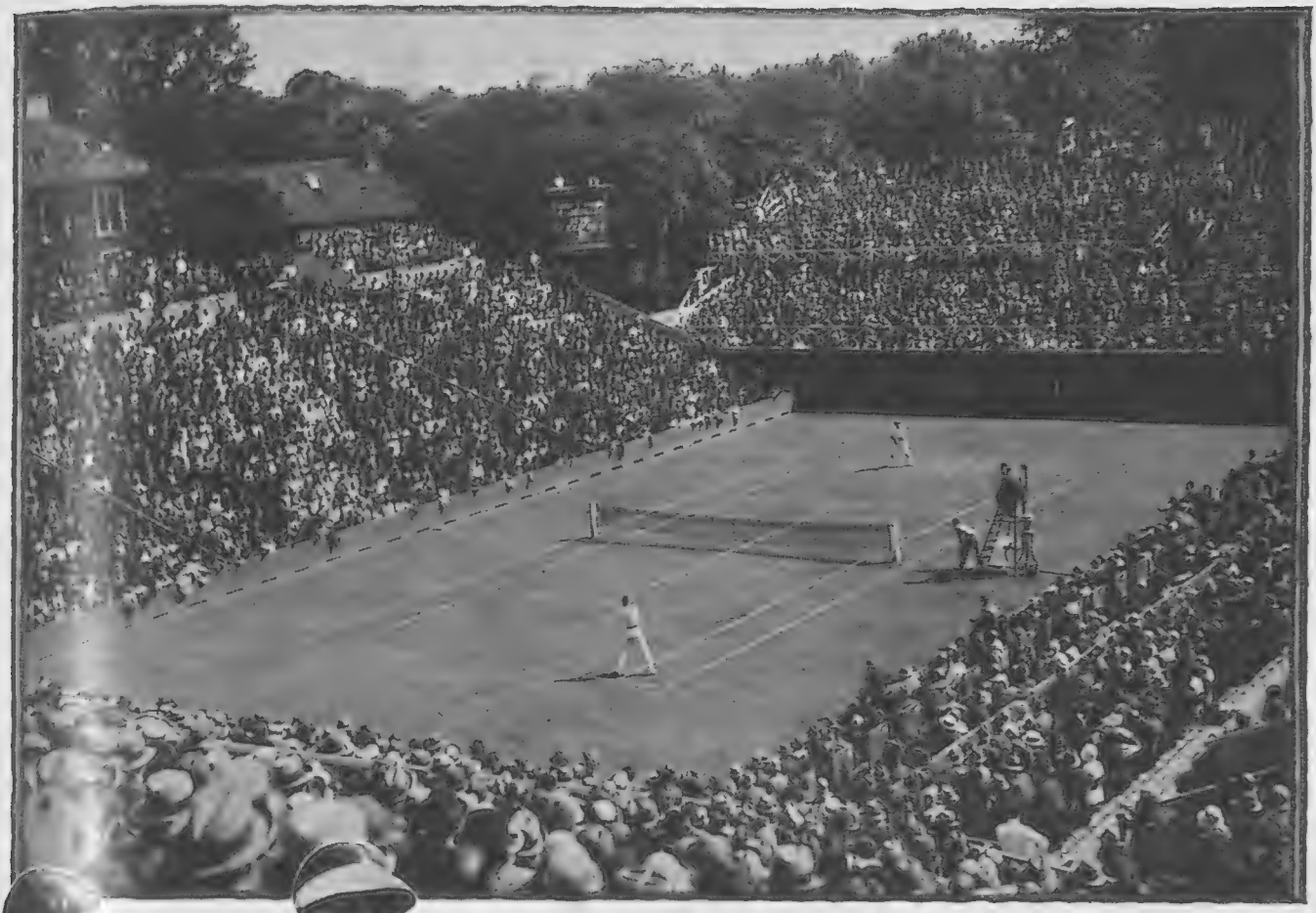

Pacific and Atlantic

The vast crowd watching the match between René Lacoste and "Big Bill" Tilden in the French Hard Courts Championships at Auteuil Lacoste beat his American opponent with the loss of one set, going on to win the final for the third time in his career by beating Jean Borotra, 6-3, 2-6, 6-0, 2-6, 8-6

Pacific and Atlantic

Miss Eileen Bennett (left) and Miss Helen Wills, who met in the semi-final round of the Ladies' Singles at Auteuil, Miss Wills having to go all-out to win the match at 6-2, 7-5

SPORTS CHAT

By "FIELD GLASS"

Our Annual International Defeat

ON June 14-15 the tennis selectors are sending four young men to uphold the old Empire and the Flag against U.S.A. at Eastbourne.

This year we should put up a good show, better than usual, on account of the youth of the team.

Many people will be glad to see H. K. Lester get a place, but he has got to play very well to justify the exclusion of several more experienced players.

Our Sportsman Abroad

THERE has been a beautiful outcry against our Soccer teams touring on the Continent, but the decriers of our men can never have seen many games on the Continent.

The refereeing is simply abominable and biased, and the crowds have no sense of fair play or sportsmanship.

This is putting it very strongly, but perfectly truly.

The exceptions to this rule are the Northern countries, particularly Germany, where the Scottish eleven have just registered a victory.

To offset our Continental defeats we can put a sweeping victory in the French ladies' golf, in which Simone de la Chaume went down in the semi-finals to Mrs. Payne, after a fine victory over Mrs. Guedalla.

A Real Test for South Africa

NO one can complain about the teams for the Test Trial. The Selectors have done a very wise thing in putting the Australian team against a side of brilliant young amateurs and pros.

It is good to see Percy Fender getting another chance, for if any man has deserved recognition he has.

It should not be difficult to get a very fine side from the two which will make the South Africans work

A "BUNNY"——BUT NO RABBIT

very hard to put up even a decent show.

The tourists have been immensely popular and successful off the field, but unfortunately their cricket still leaves much to be desired.

Frocks and Fillies

THE next big racing event is Ascot, where more interest is taken in *ensembles* than in equitation.

Considering that this meeting provides the best racing of the year, with all the cracks on view, it seems a pity that the people who would enjoy it are so debarred by price.

Talking of women at race meetings reminds me of a controversy in which I joined the other day.

We were trying to decide what characteristics different sports instil in their followers, and we came to the following conclusions:—

Tennis women are the grimmest.

Cricket women are the most devoted.

Polo produces the best-dressed devotees, but Hunting the dullest.

Golf we decided produces the plainest, one notable exception being Madame Rosa Ponselle, who is an ardent lover of the Royal and Ancient game.

On the Courts

THE rain, which had mercifully kept off for the start of the sporting season, came on with a rush at the end of the week, completely ruining most of the cricket and polo.

Bournemouth, however, upheld its reputation as a sun-trap, and the English Davis Cup side made a magnificent start against South Africa by winning the first two singles matches.

Particularly welcome was the victory of "Bunny" Austin over his formidable opponent, Raymond.

If this youngster continues his present improvement there is still a chance of seeing an English finalist in the Championship at Wimbledon during the next few years.

English tennis since the War has not looked so good as it does now, and in Austin and Betty Nuthall we have, certainly, the two finest young players in the world.

The Captains and the Kings Depart

THE American golfers have all now returned, and we can sit down and digest our lesson.

We lost the Open, and we won the Ryder Cup. This would seem to leave honours even, but it does not when we recall the terrible trouncing we received in the first named.

Until British golfers realise that fireworks are no good unless surety of touch on the green goes with them Walter Hagen, or one of his fellows, will go on winning the world's chief golfing prize.

It is very seldom that one sees an English pro. taking a dozen balls out on to a green for an hour's practice in the evening, unless he has a pupil with him. The reason for this may be the gross underpayment of many of the professors, who are thus forced into giving all their time to members of the club, but the foremost of them could surely find a little more time for this all-important department. To my mind the most hopeful feature of the season has been young Henry Cotton's defeat of Horton Smith, whom the Americans look on as next only to Hagen and Farrell.

British youth is, happily, having its say in all games at the moment.

FIELD GLASS.

P. B. Abery

Miss Monica Woosnam, of Builth Wells, with a fine salmon which she landed recently. It weighed as much as 19½ lbs.

Sport and General

Mr. A. G. Hazlerigg leading out the Eton XII to field against the Eton Ramblers in the annual two-day match. Played on Agar's Plough, it resulted in a draw

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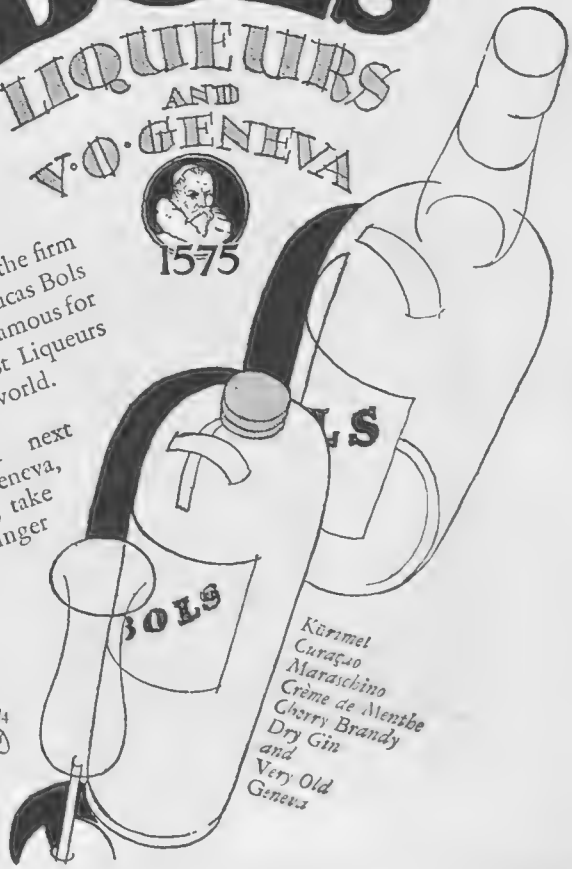

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BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 1.

By "ACES EASY"

With a Discussion on Minimum Bids

I HAVE written destructively so long about Bridge in general and American conventions in particular that it is about time, I think, to turn my attention to constructive questions. It is fairly obvious, of course, from my last two diatribes on the subject of the negative double exactly what I want in my hand before I make that sadly overworked call; but to begin at the beginning, let us pause for a moment and consider the original bid at Auction.

❋

IN a recent competition a hand was given for decision consisting of four hearts to ace-king, and three cards of each other suit. Members of the Portland Club who judged this contest claimed that one heart was the correct call. To this I voice an emphatic dissent. On such a hand "no bid" is the call I advocate.

❋

IT is stated that such a call shows two quick tricks for defence, and that alone justifies the bid; the chances of being left with it are small, so the bid does not matter; it enables your partner to make a safe double; and your partner will not raise you further than his cards warrant, as he will count your bid only as a minimum, or, as the American call it, "a mimmie."

❋

THEORY excellent—but practice? Let us consider. Dealer, one heart on such a hand; second hand, one spade; third hand holds: Spades, K-5-2; Hearts, 8-6-3; Diamonds, A-J-8-2; Clubs, K-10-4. He *must* go two hearts. Fourth hand holds the spade ace, the club ace, and four hearts to queen-jack are on your left; where do you go for honey? Down the drain.

❋

IN consequence, I deem it advisable on a four-card suit headed by ace-king to bid initially *only* when holding at the very least a king on the side adequately guarded. If your distribution is such that you have a five-card secondary bid, then I believe it pays to bid. With an outside ace you certainly should call.

❋

THE grave trouble with "mimmie" bids is that if a negative double is made and the partner of the doubler passes, you are in for a very thin time. Playing recently with a partner I could trust against a man who bids four-card suits with no outside support freely, I won a comfortable 1,100 points against him in one rubber on "mimmies," although I lost the rubber. It may be of interest to state that only once was his bid raised (to two) and only once did he drop a trick in play.

❋

WITH regard to the original bid of One No Trump, I deplore the "light" No Trumper; it is responsible for the loss of thousands of points in the course of a year. Lenz refers to the player who bids on "an ace, a hunch and a hope," and says out of the depth of his bitter experience of partners, that in times of stress he will forgo the ace! Bergholt years ago quoted a man who bid no trumps on the deal, his nerve, and the desire to worry the opponents. I have also read of those who believe in bidding on cocktails, faith and prayer—and met them. Florence Irwin says a No Trumper should be built on "hope and air," and suggests that only the skill of a player should regulate the lightness of his opening No Trump bids.

❋

NOW, I suggest to light no-trump fanatics that they should endeavour to build their no-trump castles on the ground with a surer foundation than atmosphere; kings are better than cocktails and queens than hunches. Aces are better than either. Do not bid *sans-à-tout* ORIGINALLY, unless at least a king, preferably an ace, better than average; with no singleton and without two doubletons in hand; with no major suit call on your cards—save in the case of a freak where you have game irrespective of distribution.

Sweet Consolation: A specimen of the special "Bystander" cards awarded in this competition

Bystander Bridge Competition—I.

I.

(a) Score: Game all; love all.
South deals and passes; West bids one Spade; North holds: *S*—7; *H*—A, Q, 10, 2; *D*—K, J, 10, 4; *C*—Q, J, 8, 4. What should North bid?

(b) Score: Game to East-West: North-South 0.
South deals and calls one Heart; West, one No Trump. North holds: *S*—K, J, 6; *H*—Q, J, 3,; *D*—A, Q, J, 5, 3; *C*—K, 7. What should North do?

(c) Score: Love all.
South deals himself: *S*—A, K, Q, 10, 5, 4, 2; *H*— —; *D*—J, 10, 8, 4, 2; *C*—A. What should South call?

(d) Score: Game all; love all.
South deals and calls one Heart; West, one Spade; North, four Hearts; East holds: *S*—9, 6, 4, 2; *H*—J, 7, 5, 3, 2; *D*— —; *C*—Q, J, 4, 3. What should East call?

II.

S—A, 10, 8, 4.
H—K, 6.
D—A, Q, 7, 2.
C—Q, J, 9.

S—6.	North	*S*—Q, 7, 5, 2.
H—J, 10, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3,		*H*—A, Q, 9, 2.
D—5, 3.	West East	*D*—8, 6.
C—8, 6, 2.		*C*—A, K, 10.

South.
S—K, J, 9, 3.
H— —
D—K, J, 10, 9, 4.
C—7, 5, 4, 3.

E.	S.	W.	N.
1 N.T.	N. B.	2 H.	Db.
3 H.	3 S.	4 H.	Db.
N. B.	5 D.	N. B.	N. B.
Db.	N. B.	N. B.	4 S.
Db.	N. B.	N. B.	N. B.

West leads the Jack of Hearts; how should South play the hand?

COMPETITION RULES.

1.—Every entry must be accompanied by the coupon appearing at the bottom of this page. There is no limit to the number of solutions which may be submitted by any one competitor, provided that each entry is accompanied by a coupon.

2.—To each bidding query one unqualified answer—and one answer only—must be submitted.

3.—To the second part, the solution should be set out in four columns thus:

W.	N.	E.	S.
D—3	*D*—2	*D*—6	*D*—K

The card winning the trick should be underscored; the card immediately below the underlined card is deemed to be led to the following trick.

4.—All solutions, addressed to: Bridge Competition, "Bystander," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, must reach this office by Friday, June 21. The answers and awards will be published as soon as feasible.

5.—The first prize of £5 5s. will be awarded to the solution having the greatest number of marks. In the event of a tie it will be awarded to the first solution opened, but no entry will be opened before the closing date. Six Consolation Prizes of Two Packs of special "Bystander" Linette Cards will be awarded to the nearest, or tying, entries. Five marks are awarded for each bidding query; twenty for Part II.

6.—The decision of the Card Editor (who will be pleased to answer any questions on Bridge) is final.

BYSTANDER COUPON—I.

Cut this out.

June 12/29

BY TONY CASTLE

HE : *"What would you like for lunch, old thing?"*
SHE : *"Why not one of those Ascot Steaks?"*

"JELLICACIES"

PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE

Chop finely one small tin Pineapple. Make up juice with hot water to ¾ pint, and dissolve in it 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly. When half set, whisk into a light sponge. Add well-beaten white of 1 egg. Then stir in fruit. Pour into wet mould lined biscuit fingers. Leave to set.

In 10 Varieties
Pint 4½D. packet

Beautiful in their rich and glowing colours, firm, yet melting in the mouth, delicious with their fresh fruit flavours, Rowntree's Jellies hold a foremost place among the pleasures of the table.

Here are two delightful ways of serving these fine-quality Jellies. Many more will be found in Rowntree's Recipe Book of Chocolate and Jelly Dainties, sent Free on application to Rowntree's B. 10 Dept., York.

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLIES

JELLIED APPLES

Peel, core and quarter 3 apples. Cook gently in pan with 2 tablespoons sugar and ¾ pint water. Drain off syrup. Arrange a few quarters in wet mould; add a few raisins. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly in ¾ pint syrup-and-water; pour a little over apples. Add more raisins. When set, add remainder cool jelly, apples and raisins. Leave to set.

FLYING NOTES

THE RACE ROUND BRITAIN

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The King's Cup

THIS year's race starts and finishes at one of London's new aerodromes at Heston on the Great West Road, and is being flown clockwise round Britain to give a sporting chance to right-handed competitors, who have been severely handicapped in the past. De Havilland's have issued instructions that all new-born Moths shall be trained to turn to the right automatically, as it is expected that the handicap on the machine which has won the race for three years in succession will be severe. Although there are entries for several high-speed machines, this race is becoming one for medium-powered craft, and the duel this year will be between the Cirrus and the Gipsy engines rather than between any particular type of aircraft. Several women pilots are expected to compete.

F. King and Co.

Mr. Alan S. Butler winning the Desprez Challenge Cup at Bristol on his Gipsy Moth Coupé. Mr. Butler is the Chairman of the De Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd.

A Tale from the Wilds

CAN you imagine an intelligent Englishman, living admittedly in the depths of the country, who did not realise that aircraft were now vehicles for public use? He had an idea that the R.A.F. ran a service to Paris for reasons best known to themselves, whereas there are no fewer than eight regular air liners available for public transport to the Gay City every day. The summer time-table shows direct connections by air with nearly 100 Continental cities. The Le Touquet Rapide leaves Croydon at 4.30 p.m. and the Ostende Casino Express at 5 p.m., taking approximately 100 minutes for the latter journey, so what is there to prevent a man who likes the Continental life from working in London and spending his evenings at the Casino or on the *plage*? Biarritz, Berlin, Copenhagen, Malmo, Zurich, and Vienna are all within a comfortable day's journey from London.

Club Notes

THE London Club established a new record last month with 340 hours' flying time, thus beating last September's total by thirty-five hours. Mr. Baily and Mr. Allinson are recent soloists at Hamble, and Mr. Shand, who learnt to fly with the Hampshire Club, obtaining his "A" licence in six weeks, has just bought a Gipsy Moth. The Newcastle Club's aerodrome at Cramlington was the scene of great activity a few nights ago, when the *Daily Mail's* air liner "Geraldine" landed at 11 p.m.; as there was no floodlight available the old-fashioned flares were lighted, and a firework display arranged to assist the pilot in landing, which he did quite accurately. The Midland Aero Club will be looking for another instructor as Flight-Lt. Rose, who has been with them for the past fifteen months, has resigned to join the Anglo-American Oil Company. At most centres the membership roll shows that the number of members in the non-flying category is the larger, and it is therefore of interest to note that at Lympne the Cinque Ports Club has eighty-three flying members out of a possible ninety-one.

Flight-Lieutenant Lea-Cox, of the 56th Squadron, and the crew of the Siskin which won the race for the Sassoon Cup. They won by the narrow margin of two seconds

Dropping the Pilot

"NORTHERN AIR LINES" operating from the Air Port of Manchester offer a new and unique service to the private owner who has no aerodrome attached to his house or who feels diffident about landing in a small field. An experienced pilot can be picked up at Wythenshaw who will land the owner as near as possible to his own front door, returning with the machine to its garage, where it will be serviced overnight. In the same way an owner can telephone for his machine to be brought to the nearest field for an outward trip, dropping the pilot at the aerodrome in the same manner as a ship does before putting to sea.

TENNIS (continued from page 594)

Public School man ever dreams of. You ought to try speaking it some time. It's quite a rich language."

"Expect me to make pretty speeches to you, do you?"

"Pretty, no! Speeches, no! But a little affectionate conversation now and then—yes!"

"By heaven, I've got it! Why is that bathroom door closed?"

"Because it's pulled to, dear."

"It's never closed as a rule. What were you doing when I came in here? You didn't expect me back to-night. What were you up to? Come on, out with it!"

"Am I to understand that you are accusing me of entertaining a lover who is now, for the purposes of concealment, in the bathroom?"

"By God, I'll strangle you! I'll——"

"You won't live to, if you choke yourself with temper."

"Who—is—in—that—bathroom?"

"Geoffrey, are you mad?"

"There's someone in there, I'll swear it! I'll kill you and him before I've done with you."

"You brute, how *dare* you suspect me!"

"That book you were pretending to read was upside down! You must have snatched it up when you heard me outside, though you pretended you hadn't heard me. Julia, I swear I'll kill you if I find you've been unfaithful to me. And you lie there telling me off about my behaviour and character while all the time the truth probably is that you've fallen in love with some clever anæmic pipsqueak who can't come out and face me like a man but hides in the bathroom."

"Don't throw cigarette-ash all over the carpet, Geoffrey. You know how I dislike it."

"Who—is—in—that—bathroom?"

"Find out for yourself!"

"Julia, for pity's sake! If you only knew what I feel! I can't bear suspecting you. I don't want to open that beastly door. By God, Julia, I love you!"

"It's the first time you've said that convincingly since we were engaged."

"Will you swear to me that you——"

"I won't swear anything. If you want to suspect me, you can. Only, look out. Suspicions are apt to turn out true."

"You lie there looking like an angel and telling me you have a lover!"

"I haven't got a lover. A husband is quite enough of a bore, thank you."

"You're lying. By God, Julia, I'll—I'll——"

"Explode, darling."

"Julia!"

"Take your hands off me, you brute!"

"Will you swear to me that you don't love anyone else?"

"I've told you I am doing no swearing of any kind to-night. Get away, get away! You bore me."

"Julia, I've told you—I don't want to suspect you. I shall believe you if you tell me that there is no one in the bathroom."

"I'm tired of talking. Good-night, darling."

"Is there anyone in that bathroom?"

"Good-night, darling."

"Julia, is there anyone in the bathroom?"

"'Gnight, darling."

"Answer me, woman!"

"YES!"

"*What!*"

"Well, you wanted to know, didn't you?"

"By God! Your lover!"

"What a beastly mind you've got, Geoffrey!"

"You—you of all people! My wife! The mother of our children!"

"Don't be tiresome, darling."

"By God, Julia, you must be heartless! I don't so much mind your being unfaithful to me—but haven't you a thought for our children?"

"Silly ass!"

"Woman, did you call me a silly ass?"

"Yes, darling."

"We'll see who's the silly ass! By the time I've done with your lover he'll have to spend the rest of his life in a bathroom. Come out of there, you swine!"

"An Englishman's home is his castle. Granted. But

(*Continued on page iv*)

WELL HIT SIR!

Ah....Summer again and Cricket again—what a joy to see gleaming whites 'gainst an English greensward and the clack of bat on ball, ah.... this and my new Battersby HAT two of the few things that now make life well worth living.

Battersby
The Elysian

3oz. Featherweight Felt

The Elysian combines the luxury of lightness with style, and can be worn with perfect comfort in hottest weather. Made of fine quality fur felt, unlined, fitted with specially soft roan leather.

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The new summer hat for men

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beauty that outlives the years

ONE sees her in Paris . . . on the Riviera . . . on Bond Street . . . wherever feminine charm vies with masculine diplomacy. She is the modern Exquisite whose youth and loveliness seem imperishable.

She is a woman sublimely sure of herself, because she is so very sure of her beauty preparations. Long ago she discovered the wonder workings of Helena Rubinstein, discovered the way to keep youth and beauty for ever renewed! For over a generation, the rare balms, unguents and lotions created by Helena Rubinstein have been supplementing the work of Nature on the fairest faces of the world!

And here is a fact most significant to the beauty-wise—Helena Rubinstein's Creations are the only beauty preparations which have been in existence long enough to prove that youthful beauty can outlive a *generation.*

Renew the radiant youth of your skin from day to day. Determine *now* what your appearance will be five, ten, twenty years from now. Build beauty for to-morrow with the specialized creations of Helena Rubinstein!

Helena Rubinstein's facial treatments deftly mould sagging contours to classic outlines. Obstinate blemishes, acne, blackheads, enlarged pores, lines and wrinkles are completely eradicated. A single treatment will be a revelation to you.

Simple Home Treatments

Three Steps to Beauty.

If your skin is normal, the "Three Steps to Beauty" is all that you need ever use to enhance and prolong its beauty. Helena Rubinstein has crystallised her vast knowledge into these three scientific steps which supply the beauty needs of the average skin:

First—Cleanse and Mould

with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream, which is, indeed, a concentrated beauty treatment. As a cleanser it is perfect! Pore-clogging dust and impurities disappear at its touch. It lifts away the tired, drawn look from eyes and forehead. It sculptures contours into clean chiselled lines of youth! Pasteurized Face Cream is actually the only cleansing cream which benefits oily or acne blemished skins. **3/-** and **5/-**

Second—Clear and Animate

with Helena Rubinstein's Beautifying Skinfood—the skin clearing masterpiece which is as essential to beauty as is air to life. Gently stimulating. Beautifying Skinfood refines, purifies and whitens the skin, correcting freckles, tan and sallowness. **4/6** and **9/6**

Third—Tone and Brace

with the cooling Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion, which irons away lines, tightens the pores and keeps the contour youthful. **5/-** and **9/6**

Within two weeks this remarkable treatment will bring about an amazing improvement in any skin!

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener

promotes the growth of the lashes and darkens them. **4/6**

Dry Skin, Lines and Wrinkles.

If your skin is dry, lined or wrinkled, when fine lines etch round eyes and mouth, nourish and rejuvenate with Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros), unequalled for erasing crow's feet and youthifying shrivelled hands and throats. **5/6** and **10/6**

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Pat in Valaze Georgine Lactee. It permanently tightens sagging muscles and restores contour of face and throat. **6/6** and **11/6**

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Wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special, which dissolves blackheads, dirt and impurities and tightens the pores. **2/6** and **4/6**

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against freckles, tan and sunburn with Valaze Sunproof Lotion. The only liquid powder that will really protect the skin. **5/6** and **10/6**

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Paris ***New York***

TENNIS (continued from page ii)

as soon as he thinks someone else is in it he makes it into a pigsty."

"By God, the door's locked! Come out of there, you dirty thief, before I pull you out!"

"Don't be rude to strangers, Geoffrey! It's embarrassing for me."

"Hold your tongue, woman! I'm going to smash down this door."

"Geoffrey, just one word!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"Geoffrey, let me warn you before you——"

"Do you think I'll ever again believe a word you say?"

"You had better for just this once. If you break down that door——"

"By God, I can hear someone in there! Come out of it, you——!"

"Geoffrey, you will wake the children!"

"Woman, make up your mind about this—those children are mine, and mine only, after this! Damnation, this door's tough! Ah-ha, it's giving way!"

"You will hurt your shoulder, darling! Here's the key. A key is awfully useful for opening a door with."

"You've had the key all the time!"

"Yes, darling. But I just wanted to enjoy the spectacle of you smashing a door. I've heard such a lot about men smashing doors. You aren't very efficient at it, I think." . . .

"Hold your tongue, woman, and give me that key!"

"Catch, darling. Oh, butter-fingers!"

"Now then! . . . Good God!"

"I told you so, darling."

"Your maid!"

"Come here, Maisie! Poor Maisie! Were you frightened?"

"Oh, madam, ever so!"

"Look, Geoffrey, how you have frightened poor Maisie! You had better go to bed now, Maisie. And let this be a lesson to you never to have a husband of your own."

"Yes, madam. Good-night, madam. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Maisie. Call me at ten. Now, Geoffrey, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Julia, I—I——"

"Poor Geoffrey! A cruel joke, wasn't it? I'm sorry, dear, but I couldn't help it."

"Julia, will you ever——God, I feel a fool!—will you ever forgive me for suspecting you?"

"But, darling, I wanted you to suspect me! I heard you opening the front door, and at once plotted the whole thing. Husband returning unexpectedly catches chap in wife's bedroom."

"Well, I suppose I'd better go to bed. I'm no match for you if all you want to do is to make a fool of me."

"Darling, I just wanted to shake you up, that's all—to shake you out of your complacency. And I did it, too! How fierce you looked!"

"Do you know, Julia, I've never loved you so—so madly as when I thought I'd lost you."

"That's usually the way, darling. A silly world. Good-night, sleep well!"

"Good-night, Julia! . . . I say, Julia!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Julia, I worship you, I adore you, I love you! Do you love me—just a little?"

"Yes, darling."

"Good-night, Julia."

"Good-night, darling."

"I'm going to have a bath now. After all that motoring."

"Nice for you, darling."

"May I come in and say good-night to you afterwards?"

"Remember you've got that match to-morrow."

"Damn the match!"

"Am I more important to you than tennis?"

"Julia, don't laugh at me!"

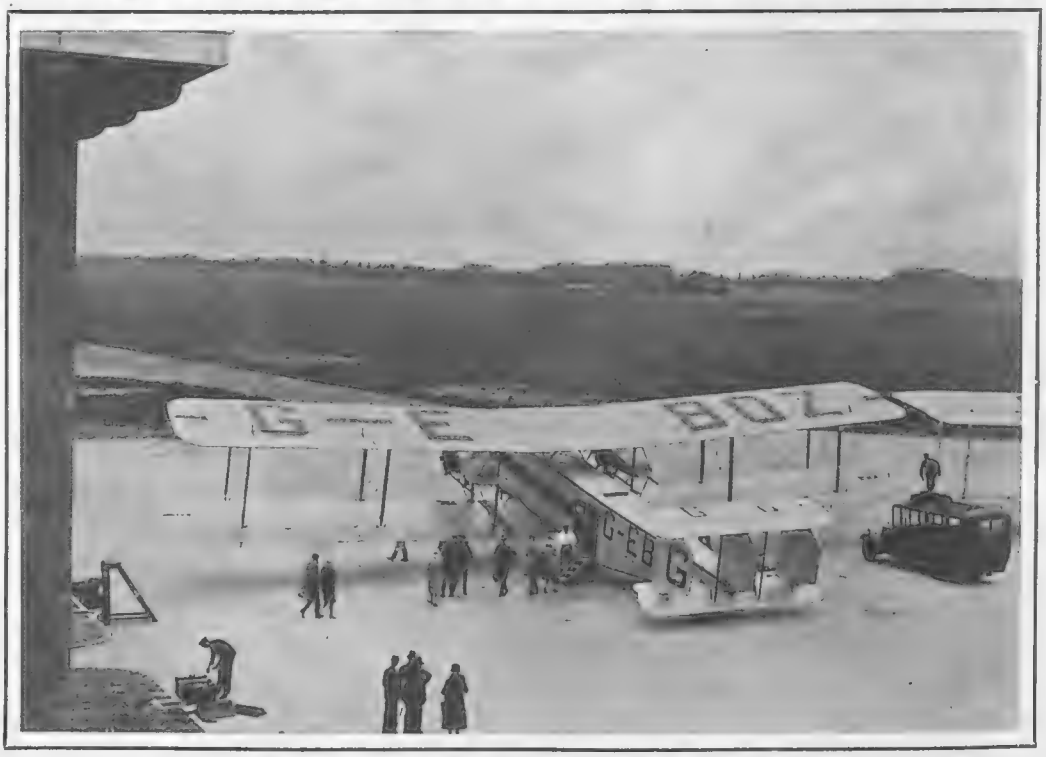
"Am I more important to you than all games, dogs and horses?"

"YES!"

"Thank you, darling."

"May I come in and say good-night, Julia?" M. A.

THE WORLD'S WAY IS THE AIRWAY



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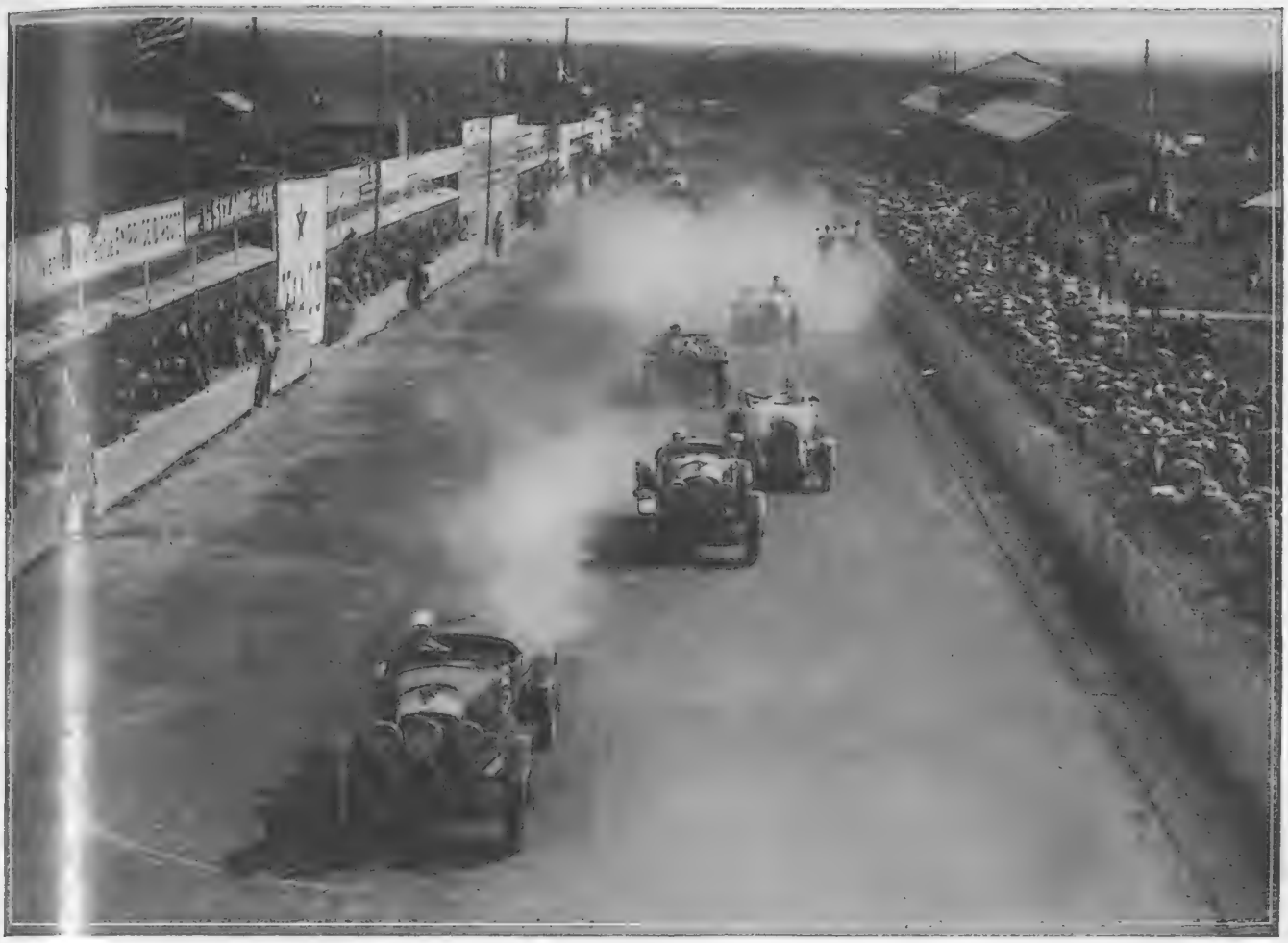

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MOTOR NOTES

SEE TO THE DETAILS

By E. M. WRIGHT

FOR some time past I have been irritated by the position of the driving mirror in my saloon. It is mounted on the inside of the windscreen not nearly far enough over to the left. Every time I look into it I see it half filled with my own visage, and anything more exasperating in the circumstances it would be difficult to conceive. At length I decided to do something about this mirror, and found that it was a perfectly simple matter to detach it from the original position and move it farther to the left, about five-eighths of the way across the screen instead of being in the centre. Here it gives me an image of the full width of the back window, and the angle of view takes in a little more of the off side of the road, which is just what one requires. Incidentally, I notice that in its new position the mirror is occasionally appreciated by lady passengers!

***

THERE are many owner-drivers who bear with inconveniences and irritations like this for lack of the initiative to tackle them. One saloon I know badly needs an ashtray, and the driver has remarked on the fact that he has to thrust his arm out to flick the ash off his cigarette. Sometimes the ash blows back into the eyes of passengers in the back, and several times the motion has been mistaken for a signal to following traffic. No wonder that when it is cold he has perforce to strew the floor with ashes; and this for the lack of expending a shilling or two on a simple ash-tray, which could be fixed to the dash with one screw! Similarly, many of the gadgets with which new cars are fitted, such as companion sets for either sex, are in the wrong place for convenience.

***

ONE of the first things an owner-driver should do is to devote an evening or two to the arrangement of these small items to his liking. It makes an unbelievable difference to the comfort and enjoyment of the car when everything is in the right place. The same thing applies to the various gadgets on cars that have been in use for some time. Various items, such as the windscreen wiper, the driver's cord for operating the rear blind, the air strangler, and so forth, get out of adjustment; and on friends' cars I often see these items left for months without attention. It should be an ideal, even on an old car, to see that every fitting works. If it cannot be made to work, take it off. Nothing looks worse than an old car festooned with gadgets that have no further use or possibility of use. These notes may give a hint of how an evening or two can be profitably spent, especially at this time of the year before

(Continued on page viii)

A Humber 16-50 h.p. 6-cylinder "Sports" Coupé passing a clock tower of unusual design. The tower, which is on the main road from Ledbury to Upton-on-Severn, is well known to motorists who pass over the Malvern Hills

ALTHOUGH it is hardly to be expected that Minerva owners actually worship their cars, it is indeed a fact that they have a deep and lasting love for "The Goddess of Automobiles." Beauty and grace of line, freedom of action, and comfort beyond description have ever characterised this Olympic Queen.

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M. W. Bourdon in the Liverpool Post, 28th March 1929

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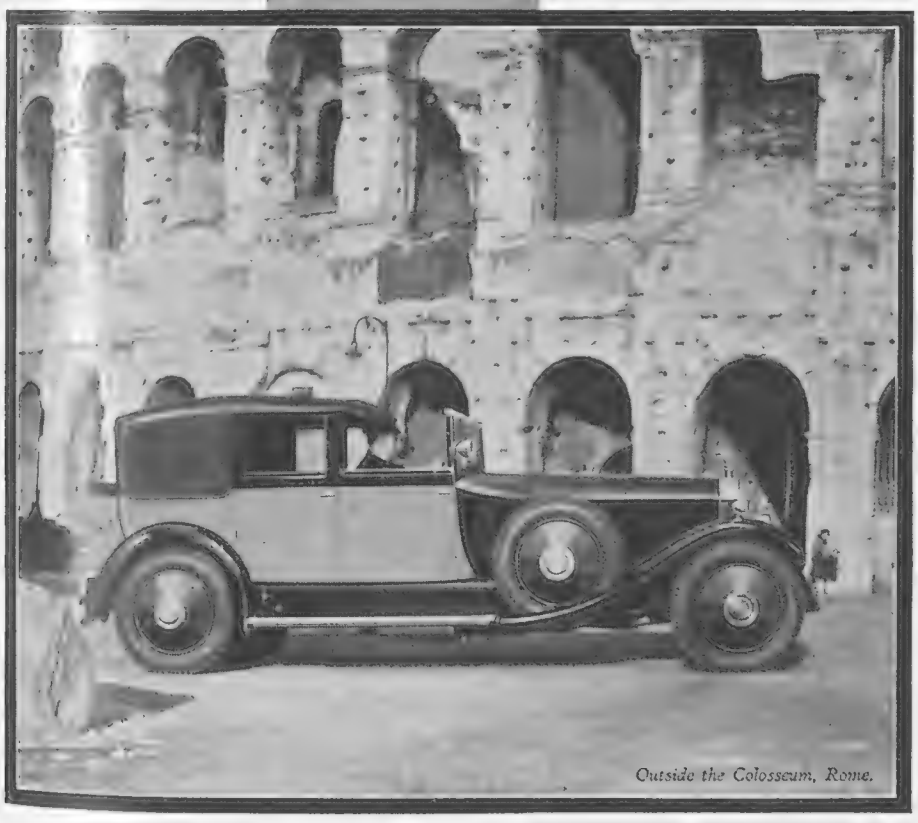

Outside the Colosseum, Rome.

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Remington Service.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

A group of Austin Twelves and Sixteens actually used by the Duke of Gloucester when he stayed at Kuala Kangsar. He stopped here en route to Japan, where he invested the Emperor with the Order of the Garter

one starts out once again on the serious touring of the summer.

***

MOTOR vehicles are doing well on the stage just now. Amongst others, there is the two-seater Sports Alvis in which Miss Binnie Hale and Miss Rita Nugent make their first entrance in *Mr. Cinders* at the Adelphi. In the same show is a magnificent Singer Six saloon in which the heroine leaves for the ball, complete with chauffeur and footman. But the hardest worked vehicle in this remarkable piece is the Ariel motor bike owned by Mr. Cinders himself (Mr. Bobbie Howes), for it makes two appearances, one of them quite important. In the first, Bobbie has to rush out of the ancestral halls in a simulated fury, jump into the saddle, and start up the engine with one vicious kick. He tells me that only once has the Ariel failed to respond to the first kick, and that was when one of the stage hands opened the air instead of the throttle lever.

***

THE second appearance of the Ariel is quite lengthy. The scene is a wayside station with rain falling—a clever lighting effect—and the sidecar outfit is laboriously manhandled on to the stage by Bobbie and Binnie, having cleverly impersonated a breakdown at the dictates of the author. There it remains during a long scene, which is one of the most charming and amusing in the show. Then, just as Bobbie and Binnie, discovering that the "next train left an hour ago," are preparing to push the machine to a destination some thirteen miles away—a dead body is discovered in the sidecar!

***

THE South African Cricket Team were recently taken on a day tour of the Home Counties south of London. The tour was organised by Rootes, Ltd., who provided four of the new Hillman Straight Eight saloons, a model which has been specially designed to appeal to the Dominions. The route was one suggested by the Automobile Association, and took the visitors to Windsor, through Windsor Great Park to Ascot, across Chobham Common to Guildford, thence eastward past Newlands Corner, with its

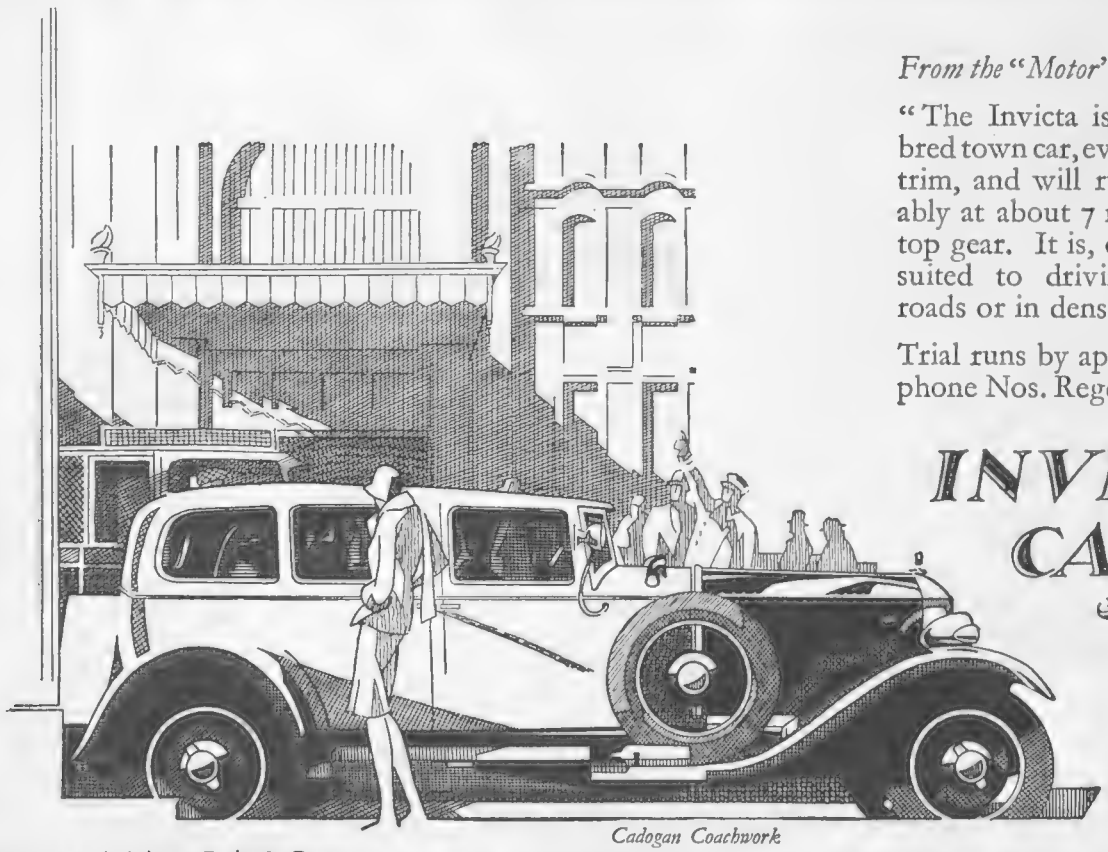
THIS WEEK'S HINT

STARTING BY HAND

RARE but still not unknown at this time of the year is a breakdown of the electric starter. It may be complete, owing to a breakage or failure of some part, or it may be partial, owing to neglect of the batteries and consequent weakening of the charge. But whatever the cause, in the perversity of things it usually happens far from a garage or other human aid; so that it pays the owner-driver to know how to use the starting handle. Starting by hand is a lost art these days. It is a matter of knack and practice more than brute strength. Make a habit of spending a few minutes at it once or twice a week in the privacy of your garage, and to begin with only when the engine has been warmed up. Have the spark retarded in case of backfires and everything "just so" to avoid waste of energy. If it is only that the batteries are run down they will usually give enough power to help the starting handle. Get a second person to sit in the car and press the starter button while you work the handle.

(Continued on page x)

THE CAR WITH THE MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE IN THE WORLD



Cadogan Coachwork

From the "Motor" of Sept. 18th, 1928

"The Invicta is a perfectly well-bred town car, even in its 100 m.p.h. trim, and will run quite comfortably at about 7 miles per hour on top gear. It is, consequently, well suited to driving on congested roads or in dense city traffic."

Trial runs by appointment. Telephone Nos. Regent 2608 and 2609.

INVICTA CARS

INVICTA CARS SALES CO 11 ALBEMARLE ST LONDON W1 *Phone Regent 2608/9*

Old friends

The owner of an Austin soon develops the feeling for his car that most men have for their dog—respect amounting almost to affection. For the Austin soon becomes a valued friend: so sound—so utterly dependable—so untiring in its effort to please... and so uniformly successful in pleasing.

Like countless other Austins, yours serves you willingly and well for years, and when the time of parting comes, if you can bring yourself to part at all, you will do so with regret.

Should you not have a lot to spend but want a good family car at a modest price the 12 h.p. models are just the thing—£250 to £320. It would be wise to see them before you decide on your car.

AUSTIN

Showrooms: 479–483 Oxford Street, W.1.

Service Station and Showrooms:
Holland Park Hall, W.11.

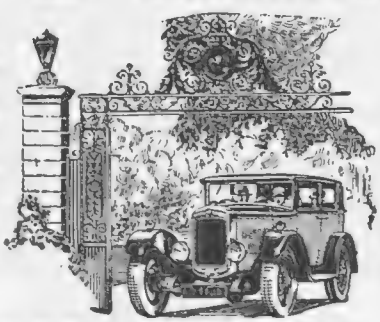
Austin

Read the AUSTIN MAGAZINE Every Month 4D

A.J.W.

A "fifteen" of Character

Powerful, masterly, the embodiment of dignity and refinement—Britain's great Triumph fifteen! Beautiful coachwork is mounted on the perfect chassis in this Triumph masterpiece. May we send full details? There are Saloons from £375. Triumph Super Seven Models from £149 10s. Lucas electric equipment and Dunlop balloon tyres standard.



TRIUMPH

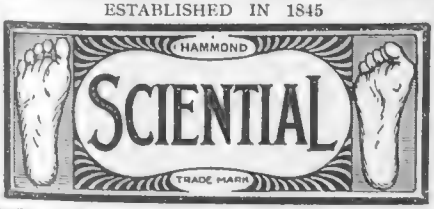
Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., 91, Priory St., Coventry. *London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1.*

E. J. HAMMOND

THE HANDSEWN BOOTMAKER

ESTABLISHED IN 1845

HUNTING AND RIDING BOOTS



LEGGINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Maker of the "Hammond Sciential Walking Boot"

SHOES MADE TO MEASURE FROM £3.5.0

OWING TO THE LEICESTER SQUARE SITE HAVING BEEN SOLD FOR THE ERECTION OF A THEATRE, THIS BUSINESS HAS NOW BEEN TRANSFERRED TO

6, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

TELEPHONE: REGENT 3433.

WAKEFIELD RECOMMENDATION SERIES *No. 11.* *Watch for your Car!*

The Manufacturers of

The Ascot "6"

Use and RECOMMEND *exclusively*

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

THE ASCOT MOTOR & MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.

LETCHWORTH
HERTS

11th March 1929.

Messrs. C.C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd.,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

The ASCOT "6" has been especially designed to meet the exacting requirements of the motorist who desires a real first class performance with a minimum of maintenance and upkeep.

In order to ensure the full development of these important factors we recommend all ASCOT Owners to use Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oils exclusively. As you are aware every ASCOT "6" is tested and run in on CASTROL at our Works.

We are, Dear Sirs,

THE ASCOT MOTOR & MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.

J. W. Mills
General Manager.

ENGINE
Wakefield CASTROL XL

GEAR-BOX and REAR AXLE
Wakefield CASTROL D

CHASSIS
Wakefield CASTROLEASE Medium

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British Firm*, Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page viii)

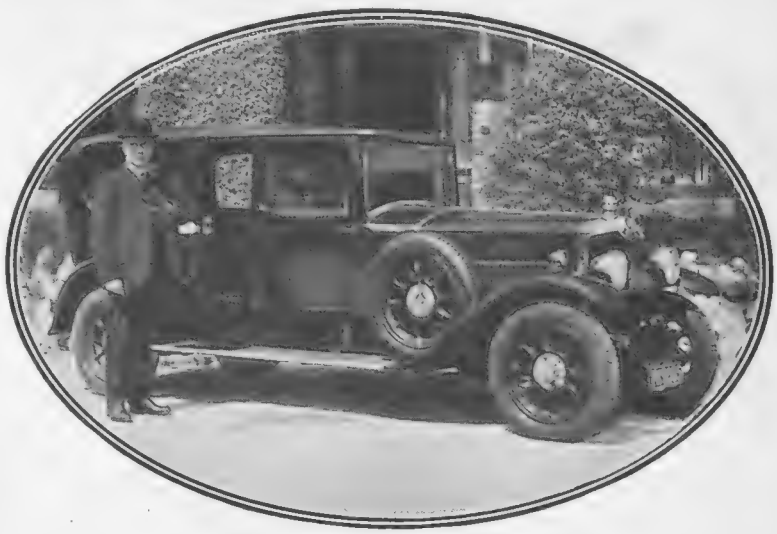
famous view of Surrey, and through the beautiful villages of Shere and Gomshall to Dorking, Reigate, Godstone, Oxted, and Sevenoaks. The day was greatly appreciated by the team, who, as a matter of fact, have had very little leisure since their arrival in England. The younger members, who had not previously been in this country and had had little opportunity of seeing much of its scenery, expressed themselves as highly delighted with London's countryside. They were very favourably impressed with the performance of the Hillmans, to which the route chosen gave many opportunities of showing their capabilities.

***

STRAWS, it is said, will ultimately break the camel's back; and there is a point where even the most robust chassis reaches the limit of endurance. Not very long ago a would-be buyer visited the showrooms of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., in Pall Mall, and ordered a seven-seater limousine body on a 16 h.p. Daimler chassis. The body he required was, it seemed, the one fitted to the Double Six "50" Daimler—the world's largest standard car.

***

HAD it been possible to accede to this extraordinary behest and to marry this gigantic seven-seater limousine to the *chic* chassis of the Daimler Sixteen the resulting vehicle would have attracted widespread attention wherever it appeared—to say the least of it. But, fortunately, a little tact on the part of the salesman showed the customer the error of his ways and convinced him that among modern high-class cars he would find it difficult to obtain better value than the five-seater saloon on the 20-70 h.p. Daimler chassis at £695; which he finally ordered.



Mr. Daniel Adamson, M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., M.I.E.E., this year's President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. He is seen with his Crossley 20.9 h.p. Enclosed Limousine

SEVERAL substantially new models figure in the present season's range of Graham-Paige cars which was introduced recently. All of them now have the Graham-Paige four-speed twin-top gear box. Starting with Model "612," a six-cylinder of 21.6 h.p., the price of which, for the standard saloon, is but £420, there are two other six-cylinders, of 25 and 29 h.p., and two models of the Straight Eight, with a long and a short wheelbase. Striking value is offered in each case. Chromium plating is now standard on all bright parts, and there are many technical improvements, of which the most important to owner-drivers is that detachable wheels, instead of rims, are now fitted on all closed models. The larger cars have central chassis lubrication and thermostat-operated shutters.

***

IN addition to the attractive standard bodies, several English types of bodywork have been standardised at moderate prices. Special interest attaches to Model "612." In America this is fitted with the three-speed box, and it was only at the special request of Mr. A. G. Payne, managing director of Graham-Paige Motors, Ltd., that the makers were induced to fit the twin-top four-speed gear box specially for this market.

E. M. W.

Economy ... and in the West End!

Lounge Suits at 8 gns.

THE well-dressed man patronises only a West End tailor. Because West End tailoring has justly earned a world-wide reputation for correctness of cut and style. This Tailoring Reputation is a monopoly of West End tailors. But Bernard Weatherill has set out to prove that this monopoly need not involve making extravagant charges. His prices are the lowest in the West End.

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55, Conduit St., LONDON, W.1.

81, Cannon St., E.C.4. Birmingham: 39, Cannon St.

BRANCHES AT ASCOT, ALDERSHOT, CAMBERLEY.

DON'T BOTHER WITH HOME-MADE SQUASHES, ESSENCES, POWDERS, IMITATIONS

Nothing Equals

KIA-ORA LEMON

KIA-ORA ORANGE

Made from

Fruit Juice and Sugar

Crushed from selected fruit — ripe and fresh from the trees

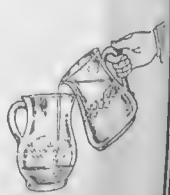
Large Bottle - 2/-
Half Bottle - - 1/1
Crush in Decanters - - 2/-
Gallon Jars - 10/6

in Great Britain.

SO ECONOMICAL — JUST ADD WATER

KIA-ORA LTD., Blackfriars, London, S.E.1, and Australia.

OBTAINABLE WHEREVER THIS MAGAZINE IS READ



Mr. John Prioleau, the well-known Motor Journalist, writes in the "Daily Mirror" his impressions of

THE LANCHESTER STRAIGHT EIGHT

He says . . . . . "The real luxury of this fine British Car lies in its remarkable smoothness of running. Any good straight eight should give you flexibility, acceleration, and vibrationless working at all reasonable speeds, but I have yet to drive one which does better in this respect than the new Lanchester . . . It is a beautiful job."

Photographs, Specifications, and particulars concerning bodywork and delivery dates sent on request. Trial runs by appointment.

Illustrated below is the 4/5 seat Southport Fabric Saloon.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON SHOWROOMS, 95, NEW BOND ST., W.1. MANCHESTER SHOWROOMS, 88, DEANSGATE.

The Best of the Straight Eights.

TELEPHONE: 2464 GERRARD. TELEGRAMS: "CAVESSON, LONDON."

GEORGE PARKER & SONS

(SADDLERS) Limited
ESTABLISHED 1851.

ONLY ADDRESS:

17, 18 & 19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

SUMMER CLOTHING, 1929.

All Stable Utensils kept in Stock.

Visit our Stand No. 65 at International Horse Show, Olympia.

Super Twill linen Summer Sheet, Check patterns, as follows:
(Blue and white; red and white; green and white; red, white and blue)
Rug, 21/6 Roller, 10/6 Fillet String 1/6
" 18/6 " 10/6 " " 1/6
Second quality Linen Sheet
Letters, 1/3 and 1/6. Monos, 1/6 a letter.
Extra Super London Colour Blankets 7 × 8, 7 lbs. - - - - - - - - 35/-
Do. do. 6 lbs. - - - - - - - - 27/6
Night Rug, all interwoven, extra heavy, with Surcingle - - - - - - - - 25/-
" " lined grey throughout, heavy do. - - - - - - - - 21/-
" " cheaper quality, part lined do. - - - - - - - - 12/6
ALL WOOL COOLERS, FLEECE, BOUND BRAID FOR POLO PONIES - - - - - - 42/6
Cheaper quality, 36/6 Others, 27/6
(As supplied to the Argentine, Jodhpur and leading Polo Clubs.)
Polo Headstall, hand sewn, brass furniture, white buff front - - - - - - 21/-
Best gut and bone Polo Whip, 25/- Gut and hide ditto, 12/6
Plaited Kangaroo hide and bone, 25/- Plaited Kangaroo hide and hide, 18/6

TWO PLEASURE CRUISES TO RUSSIA

BY THE LUXURIOUS
TSS "CAP POLONIO" (21,000 TONS)
HAMBURG-SOUTH AMERICAN LINE

24 days delightful Cruise through the beautiful Norwegian Fjords visiting the chief Scandinavian Towns and

LENINGRAD & MOSCOW

LEAVING HAMBURG JULY 4 & AUGUST 6

via Geiranger and Sogne Fjord, Bergen, Oslo, Russia Stockholm, Copenhagen and returning to Hamburg

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION ONLY

FARES FROM 50 GUINEAS
OPTIONAL SHORE EXCURSIONS EXTRA

For particulars apply to
STELP & LEIGHTON LIMITED
9/13, Fenchurch Buildings E.C.3
also at Newcastle, Hull, Glasgow & Cardiff
or Principal Tourist Agencies

Fashions Fancies

FOR THE GRAND PRIX

It is at the Grand Prix that the élégantes of Paris display clothes which are the crystallisation of Fashion's highest edicts Sketched above, on the left, is a black crêpe de Chine dress, printed in shades of yellow and white. The melon cuffs and the threequarter length coat are noteworthy. It is sponsored by Woolland's, as is the second ensemble This is of chiffon bestrewn with delicate flowers in black, white and coral, and it is the very essence of grace and feminine charm

A dainty suggestion in "San-Toy" Printed Fabrics.

TO-DAY, as never before, ladies are claiming that beauty and profusion of dress which is part of their inheritance. In place of old-style costly materials, with fleeting or fragile charms of colour or texture, the dependable and reasonably priced COURTAULDS' Dress and Lingerie FABRICS are in universal demand. For Dresses and Gowns, or more intimate clothing, even the most diaphanous weaves may be utterly trusted for wear, fast colour, and freshness in appearance. They range from the most lovely and delicate of crepes to the smart utility fabrics. Every conceivable style—all with the same ease in making, the same security of bloom and texture. This multitude of designs and weaves awaits your choice at your usual Drapers or Stores. The name is on the selvedge.

San-Toy Printed Fabrics (Registered)

Lovely colours and fascinating designs for the lady of taste, yet moderate in price.

"Xantha" (REGISTERED)

The standard knitted fabric for Lingerie, beautifully soft and durable.

48/49 ins. wide, **5/11d.** Per yard.

"Courgette" (REGISTERED)

A new crêpe Suède fabric, satisfying to the eye and pleasing to the touch.

36/37 ins. wide, **6/11d.** Per yard.

"Delysia"

Daintiness itself for present-day underwear and frocks. The textile success of the year

37/38 ins. wide, **3/11½d.** Per yard.

"Courcain" REGD

A Rayon and Wool Marocain. Thoroughly dependable and hard-wearing.

38/39 ins. wide, **4/11½d.** Per yard.

"Courlyn" (REGD)

A high-grade Rayon and Wool Marocain of character and charm.

37/38 ins. wide, **5/11d.** Per yard.

"Clytie" REGD SATIN

A new luxury fabric at a moderate price, wonderfully durable in wear.

37/33 ins. wide, **4/11d.** Per yard.

"Luvisca" (REGISTERED)

Silk-like, durable and ideal for Jumpers, Lingerie, Children's wear, etc. 37/38 ins. wide.

Striped Designs **3/3** Plain Shades & Self Checks **3/6**

All the fabrics named are produced from Courtaulds' finest Rayon yarns.

Courtaulds' Fabrics

Dress and Lingerie

for every fashion need

COURTAULDS' FABRICS, woven by Courtaulds Ltd., are obtainable from leading Drapers and Stores everywhere If any difficulty, please write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. F.21), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest Retailer and descriptive literature.

RIVER DRESSES AND GARDEN PARTY MODES

About Sleeves

THIS year many diaphanous afternoon dresses have long sleeves, but so far as tub frocks for seaside or river wear are concerned women refuse to relinquish the sleeveless vogue. There is, however, an important difference between those which Paris is now preparing for her fashionable *plages* and those which she has erstwhile regarded with favour. In the newest summer dresses the upper part of the arm is discreetly veiled, either by scarf draperies or quaint capes, or by a series of narrow bands tied in small bows. Another noticeable thing is the revival of embroidery. Posies of flowers adorn washing silk frocks, providing effective touches of pastel or vivid colours. A delightfully youthful primrose organdi frock had clusters of wood anemones on the full skirt and in the centre of the bodice.

Shantung Wins Approval

SHANTUNG is ideal for seaside wear, for it has an air of distinction which is peculiarly its own, and it is sufficiently heavy to tailor admirably. It is used frequently for sleeveless "sports" dresses, the sole ornamentation on which is an embroidered monogram in bright silk. This vivid hue is repeated in the cardigan and the stitched silk or linen hat which is the inevitable accompaniment of such suits. Full-length collarless coats are very useful to slip on over patterned dresses, and these are irreproachable when made of coarse, thickly woven shantung in the natural shade or in faded tones of pink or periwinkle blue. This fabric is also used extensively for beach pyjamas, wonderful colour effects being achieved by hemstitched bands of varying widths, each in a strongly contrasting nuance. Knee length coats of cretonne are worn over shantung pyjamas, the belt and the ribbon on the large straw hat emphasising its outstanding shades. A cretonne beach bag and parasol complete the scheme.

Sketches by Beta.

The three frocks here depicted come from Swan and Edgar. The one at the head of the page is of flowered ninon in lovely colours, and it costs 6½ guineas. On the left is a French frock in white voile covered with gay hued spots. The tiny slashed sleeves are very piquant. It is available for 50s., and for the same price one may become the possessor of the flowered voile dress worn by the seated figure. This has a closely fitting bodice, ruched in front, and finished with a lace-edged cape, the scalloped hem dipping slightly at the back

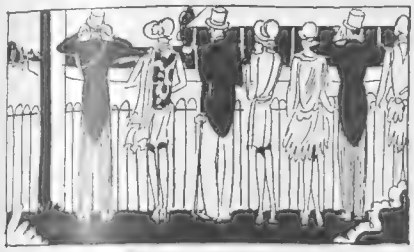
Lingerie Trimmings

ANOTHER distinctive feature which sets the seal of complete modernity upon a dress is the addition of lingerie collars and cuffs of the latest designs. Rose-beige, leaf green, and pale verdigris blue are charming, georgette, embroidered lawn, or crisp organdi being the most usual fabricating mediums. Gauntlet or melon cuffs and others of cavalier persuasion share the honours between them, formal flowers in cross stitch, kilted edges, and narrow bands of galon or ribbon adding to the decorative value. Fine kilting outlines the panels of printed *crêpe de Chine* skirts and appears at the wrists and on the capes or scarves that are so fashionable. It is also seen on diaphanous frocks of floral chiffon, and is at present perhaps the most popular of all forms of trimming. Hip yokes are seen on the majority of "fluffy" dresses, for they control their fluttering draperies and induce that air of slender neatness which is essential to true chic.

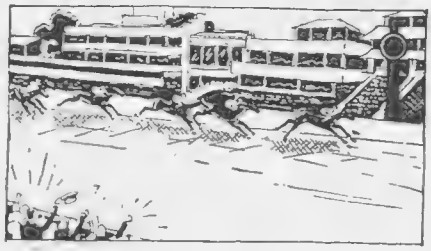
Safety First

AS an electioneering slogan "Safety First" did not meet with unqualified approval, but it is a maxim which must ever be borne in mind. Our climate during the late days of spring is apt to prove somewhat treacherous, and the question of suitable underclothing presents a problem which in the past it has not been very easy to solve. An excellent solution is now available, however, for Luxury Chilprufe is an entirely new woollen fabric which affords adequate protection from change of temperature, while at the same time it is fine and soft enough to wear with even the lightest of summer frocks or the most delicate of evening gowns. A full range of undergarments of thistledown texture and modern design are procurable, and all those who have not yet seen them should make a point of doing so without delay, for they will prove invaluable during holidays spent upon the highways or beside the sea.

ROYAL ASCOT



The Season's crowning festival. Society in the Stands, the masses on the rails.



The excitement of the Racing, a scramble for lunch, jostling in the Ring.

Takes it out of one. "There's that dance tonight," says the Stands. "How my legs ache!" says the Rails.

Get home, good people, and wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap; you will never know you have felt tired, it is so *refreshing*.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Protects from infection

6d. per tablet. Bath size 10d.

Streets 100.

To the Country-House Resident

THE one drawback to country-house life, due to laborious, old-style methods of lighting, cooking and refrigerating, can be entirely overcome by a "Silverlite" installation: the method now employed in all parts of the British Isles.

"SILVERLITE" is Petrol-Gas perfected, odourless, safe and non-asphyxiating. Switch-lamps and the latest Gas Cookers can be served from it at a cost far below any other form of gas or electricity. *Thus it entirely modernises country-house life.*

SILVERLITE

The system is worked with complete ease by a maid or boy. The "Silverlite" Generator is the only one using motor-spirit without waste, and the Model de Luxe is steadily replacing other systems.

Write now for the book on Silverlite

For

LIGHTING, COOKING HEATING, FREEZING

Electrically driven Generators for Cooking and Heating a speciality.

Replenishing the system—only a few minutes' attention weekly.

SPENSERS (London) Ltd., 6B, London Street, Paddington, W.2.

And at Edinburgh.

Warwick Wright Says

INDIVIDUALITY IN HAIRDRESSING

The Coiffures of 1929

AFTER several seasons when "smartness" was the only thing that dress designers and beauty specialists aimed at natural beauty has come into its own again. The new frocks mould the natural lines of the figure. The make-up which is regarded with favour to-day is that which avoids obvious artificiality. The hair from being cropped in a mannish manner or tortured into unnatural shapes is loosely waved and curled in the most youthful and becoming manner. M. Georges, the presiding genius at Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, waxes eloquent about modern coiffures. He thinks that hair which is allowed to grow until it clusters in soft curls upon the nape of the neck is utterly charming, and he points out that it is a style which is in perfect harmony with the graceful afternoon and evening dresses which are now being worn, while at the same time it looks equally delightful curling up over the brim of a neat sports hat. At the Maison Georges the whole head of hair can be permanently waved by experts for four guineas, and curls can be made permanent with equal facility.

Banish Worry

FOR women of the more statuesque type the hair should be arranged in soft waves set rather far apart and swept towards the back of the head. In the evening a chignon with loosely curled ends may be added. These are a specialité of the Maison Georges, where they have attained a standard of exalted artistic merit. They are very comfortable to wear, being attached to the hair by the aid of a comb, and no matter how short the hair may be they cannot become detached. "La Naturelle" transformations are renowned throughout the world, for they give the impression of a wealth of hair actually growing from the scalp. A special feature is the absolutely natural parting, which permits of the hair being arranged in any desired style. Full transformations are available from 12 guineas. An order form with details of the exact measurements required may confidently be filled in by people who are unable to visit these salons, and will be sent free on request with an illustrated brochure and particulars of the "Times" system of payment by instalments. At this time of the year, when people are journeying to foreign plages or cruising on the high seas, such transformations or bobbed or shingled headdresses are invaluable, for they enable one to always look one's best, even though it is impossible to visit a reliable hairdresser.

Fashion decrees that the forehead must no longer be hidden, for she has discovered that there is great beauty in a broad and placid brow. Depicted above is an artistic coiffure created at the Maison Georges. The hair softly frames the forehead in absolutely natural-looking waves, and is then swept towards the back of the head in gracious curves

ROYAL WORCESTER & BON TON CORSETRY

WARNING! Our models—*and model numbers*—are extensively copied.

While we appreciate this "unsolicited testimonial," we warn the public to INSIST ON SEEING THE TRADE MARK 'ROYAL WORCESTER' OR 'BON TON' ON EVERY GARMENT——*The guarantee of fine corsetry for more than half a century.*

A copy of our fully illustrated folder, showing the most up-to-date styles for every type of figure, will be sent post free, with the name of our nearest agent, on receipt of a postcard to:—

Model 109J.
New Bon Ton clasp-around style for tall full figures, in pink broché with wide elastic insets and gores in front of skirt.
Sizes 30-38 - **59/6**

Model 80551.
Bon Ton Unda-Belt Corselette for short stout figures. In strong pink fancy Rayon and elastic with specially designed soft top.
Bust sizes 36-44 - **32/6**

Similar style in other qualities
25/9 35/-, 52/6

WORCESTER CORSETRY Ltd.
ONE HUNDRED REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

"36" SHOE FOR GOLF, RIVER, AND ALL OUTDOOR WEAR
For LADIES For GENTLEMEN

38/6 TO 69/6
in a choice of several colours.

Charles H. Baber.
THE PIONEER OF FOOT COMFORT
302/8 REGENT ST.
(NR. QUEEN'S HALL)
Charles H. Baber Ltd.,
Langham 3516-7-8.

TRADE MARK

ENJOY THE THRILL OF A SEA VOYAGE . .

VISIT SUNNY SOUTH AFRICA

Weekly Sailings from Southampton

By Fast and Luxurious Royal Mail Vessels

DISCOVER THE CHARM OF MADEIRA OR THE CANARY ISLANDS

Summer Holiday Tours

REDUCED RETURN FARES

Madeira 1st class £20
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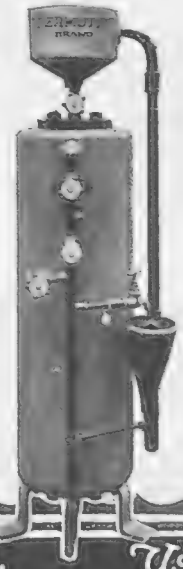

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By "CANDLELIGHT"

INTERIOR decoration as an art has made great strides during the last few years. Harmonious lines and colour effects are carefully studied, and everything is planned to play its part effectively and to stress definite aspects of the completed scheme. The vogue for decorative candles is one which continues to grow in popularity. Plain candles made of pure white wax look admirable in black holders, or coloured ones may be selected to pick up the tones of the hangings in a room or to brighten a shadowed nook. Price's candles are obtainable in a very wide range of designs. For instance, there is the "Willow Pattern," the "Mikado," and the beautiful "Lustral" candles illustrated on this page, all of which would look well in a drawing-room. There is also the "Jazz" candle, which is essentially modernistic, and has been specially created for the nursery.

An Interesting Mansion

FOR the last thirty years lovers of beautiful furniture have been wending their way to Oxford Street, there to delight in the magnificent pieces shown in the salons of Gill and Reigate. In point of fact, so great has been their appreciation that these premises gradually became inadequate, and in 1927 a large Georgian mansion with a concert hall in the rear was acquired in Mayfair. This has now been altered and adapted to meet modern requirements, with the result that it forms an ideal setting for the period furniture displayed therein. The address is 25 and 26, George Street, Hanover Square. There are fourteen suitably furnished panelled rooms dating from mediæval times to the eighteenth century, and a wonderful collection of antiques and authentic old pieces of tapestry, needlework, and replicas of old designs. An admirably illustrated and very interesting brochure will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request.

The mellow beauty of candlelight is the very essence of repose. This should always be borne in mind when candles are used for decorative purposes. Not only should their position be carefully studied; the type and the colour of the candles used are of supreme importance. Illustrated above is a group of Price's "Lustral" candles, the iridescent sheen of which is thrown into relief by panelled walls on the shadows of a sombre corner

Details That Count

THERE is one infallible way of telling a good article, and that is by the perfection of its finish. That is why linings are of such importance. How often is a promising overcoat completely spoiled by the dull and shoddy-looking material which is put inside it. The important point about all linings is that they must slip on easily, wear well, and look well always. "Courtine" linings are woven by Courtaulds. Unobtrusive and essentially "right," they form an integral part of the garment itself, and they are extremely durable. Men who take a pride in their clothes should insist on their tailors putting "Courtine" linings into all their suits and coats.

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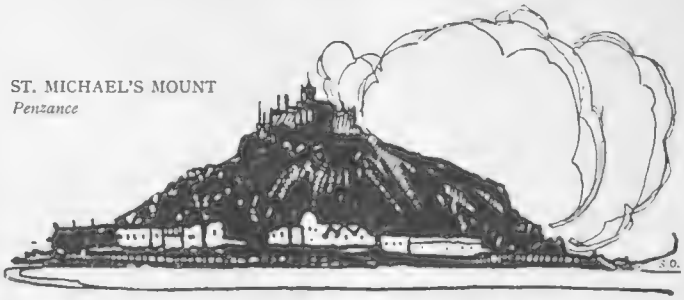

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A Portrait of Miss ——

AN INVITATION

We shall be pleased upon receipt of one guinea to send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls such as you see here but 16 ins. long. Keep it a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, send it back and the money shall be returned in full.

Send for Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Booklets No. 7 post free

Our camera artist meant to show how charming Miss —— looked with her Ciro pearls. But this lady preferred to remain anonymous. "After all," she said, "people have always taken them for expensive real pearls—it's so hard to tell the difference. Why shouldn't they go on thinking so?"

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A PRINCE AND A SEA-LADY

By RALPH STRAUS

WHAT excellent fun Mr. Louis Golding can be when he likes! How high-spirited and pleasantly unusual! I have enjoyed several of his books, travel-sketches as well as fiction, but none so much as his new novel; *The Prince or Somebody* (Knopf, 7s. 6d.). A piquant title, this, and there is a piquant story woven about it. Also it is told in a piquant way. And it is one of those books which you want to read quickly in order to find out the why and the wherefore, and are obliged to read slowly for fear lest you miss something especially good.

❋

BUT how is it to be described in these sober columns? Some novels, of course, need no more than a sentence or two for you to know all about them. I could say, for instance, of Mr. Edgar Goodplot's new novel, *Bigamy*. "This is the exciting story of a railway guard named Greenflagge, who has two wives, one in Newcastle and the other in London. The wives learn of each other's existence, and have a glorious scrap in the neutral territory of Birmingham; after which the guard leaves England hurriedly with a third and less bellicose lady. It is told, moreover, with such delicacy and restraint"—you recognise my style here, I hope—"that you would be prepared to believe in a different Mrs. Greenflagge living near every important terminus." And you would know more or less whether you wanted to read it or not.

❋

AGAIN I could say: "Miss Weekly Hack's new novel, *Hearthrugs*, is of the jazz-cocktail order, in which pseudo-smart young things do their best to make the reader as bored as they seem to be themselves." And *Hearthrugs*, presumably, would not go down on everybody's library-list.

❋

ON the other hand, one can write a column about a book, and yet fail to explain why one thinks that people will be enthusiastic about it. I might say of Mr. Golding's book that it is the bizarre story of a Russian Prince whose hobby is the dangerous one of shooting at his wife. I might say that it is the astonishing story of a Russian Princess (of English birth) whose hobby is the uncomfortable one of being shot at by her husband. I might say of it that it is Mr. Golding's lighthearted interpretation of republican Austria. In fact, I might say all kinds of things about it, and yet convey nothing of the book's queer fascination.

LOUIS GOLDING

One of the most brilliant of the younger novelists, who at the age of 33 has written fourteen books. His latest novel, "The Prince or Somebody" (Knopf), was published this month

PERHAPS the title itself may be helpful. The "or somebody" has reference to the fact that nobody seems to know whether the Prince is really genuine or not. He may be the heir to all the Russias that ever were or will be, but then he may be the son of a Soho waiter. Which he was I do not know, and I am not convinced that Mr. Golding knows. That, however, does not matter, for the "or somebody" has another and subtler significance. No woman ever loved more madly than the quiet, adorable Merryl loves her Prince, but after he has made the singular mistake of shooting himself instead of her, she soon enough finds consolation elsewhere. Which sounds very odd, but only before you know her.

❋

AN extravaganza? Yes, in a way; and yet not quite. A romance with exaggerations? A picturesque joke, spiced with satire? No, the right description will not come, and the best thing I can do is to say that it is a wholly delightful entertainment. It is the kind of book which might conceivably be written had Norman Douglas collaborated with Michael Arlen, and allowed the proofs to be corrected by a committee of experts with Max Beerbohm in the chair. And if this sounds as if Mr. Golding has no style of his own—— No matter: it is intended as a compliment, and if Mr. Golding's high spirits are not shared by his readers I shall be considerably surprised.

❋

ONE becomes a little wary about "best-sellers" from other countries, but I believe that Joan Lovell's book, *Child of the Deep* (Heineman, 8s. 6d.) has really sold astoundingly well in the States. It is not a novel, but an autobiography with a "very little fictitious trimming," and I dare say that no small part of the general curiosity has been directed to the question: how much of it is true? For myself, I am quite prepared to accept its authenticity, and there may be dozens of other American young women whose adventures have been no less unusual than Miss Lovell's.

❋

SHE seems to have done many odd things in her time—including a spell on the films with Charlie Chaplin—but the first seventeen years of her life were spent aboard her father's sailing-ship, and it is only of her adventures at sea that she is telling us here. Her book certainly makes interesting reading, not least for the artlessness of its methods.

❋

ACCORDING to that admirable writer, William McFee, "one has the impression of a breathless girl blurting it all out in order to explain a pardonable but very astounding past." And the "past" is undoubtedly unusual. A full-rigged ship must make a difficult nursery, though Miss Joan seems to have thrived in it. She learnt her job, like the rest of them. She also learnt other things with which young ladies brought up politely at home are not always familiar.

❋

SHE got into scrapes in the unlikeliest places, and sometimes they were more than scrapes. She was often treated like a boy, but sometimes like a girl, and then there was trouble. Incidentally, her language can be refreshingly nautical, and her book, "uncensored" and unedited as it is, may quite possibly repeat here its American success.

❋

AND that brings me to another imported "best-seller"—the simply told *War* (Secker, 7s. 6d.) of Ludwig Renn. Well, this is a big enough book in its way, and I cannot help wondering what I would have thought of it had I read it before *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

❋

THE two books, of course, have much in common. Both go into details which we generally avoid. Both rouse up indignation and horror and—admiration. Both are the best kind of anti-war propaganda. More important, both are works of art.

(*Continued on page xxii*)

COMING EVENT:
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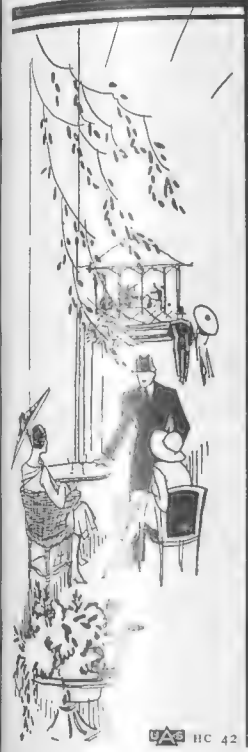
SHOW
JULY 9th to 13th.

Harrogate

"THE MECCA OF THE AILING—THE PLAYGROUND OF THE ROBUST."



THE holiday spirit is all-pervading at Harrogate—the charm of its great natural beauty and the invigorating quality of the moorland air alone inspire visitors to cheerfulness and contentment. Harrogate knows even better than "pro-continental spa" critics that for recuperation of health, pleasant companionship, good music and entertainment and a wealth of every kind of sport are essential—and sees to it that all these features are really first-class.

In addition, Harrogate knows that to be effective the Cure must be administered under the most modern conditions of efficiency and cleanliness and that the staff must be specialists at their work. *All the staff at Harrogate Royal Baths are medically trained and certificated*—it is not so at Continental Spas. So, if you want to get fit, COME TO HARROGATE.

Middle-aged people particularly would be well advised to get the maximum benefit from their holiday by taking the cure at Harrogate at the same time. It is well worth while and can be done very reasonably.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page xx)

On the whole I would give the preference to *All Quiet,* but there are some splendid things in Renn's book, aspects of modern warfare which are not to be found in the other story, and sometimes an even more vivid presentation of life as it was in those dreadful places. It is War—with the lid off.

❋

Finally, I must mention Mr. Bernard Holt's second novel *King's Bardon* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*). To be candid, I prefer him when he is poking fun at the absurdities of cinema stars and publicity agents, but in his more serious vein he is not unentertaining. The downward career of Lady Margaretta Rocale is less gloomy than you might suppose after reading the prologue. She might have married the distant cousin whom, as a child, she was not allowed to meet, for there is a Rocale skeleton in the cupboard. And she might have married a wealthy duke, but for the fact that in addition to the skeleton there is also a curse. If you are a Rocale, that is to say, it is best to be fair-haired. So poor Margaretta with her black hair goes down—aided by her governess—a clever portrait this—to the depths. The story begins in what for these enlightened days is almost too old-fashioned, but a more modern note is soon struck.

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

The police and their problems are decidedly in the news, and some considerable interest will therefore be aroused by *Scoundrels and Scallywags and Some Honest Men,* by Tom Divall, ex-Chief Inspector of the C.I.D., Scotland Yard. We can expect many thrills in this book, and we hear that the author makes some candid comments on the relations between the police and the public. It is published by Benns.

Mr. Richard Aldington is English, not American, as some people imagine, owing to his work being much better known in America than over here. Admirers of his work in this country will welcome his *Collected Poems,* published by Allen and Unwin on June 4. The book is large and beautifully printed.

Murrays published on June 7 *Fire,* Miss Armine von Temski's third novel, which is again set in the tropic beauty of her beloved Hawaiian Islands. How Alma Manning and her native husband, Liholiho, tackled their problems and won through to happiness and security should make an absorbing romance.

Daphne Muir's first novel, *A Virtuous Woman,* published by Chatto and Windus, was written in ten days, although the planning of it took two years. Mrs. Muir taught herself to read at the age of three, and immediately began to read grown-up novels with obvious enjoyment. She is fond of travelling and speaks six languages. We hear that her next book is to be a story of France and Germany in the time of the twelfth century.

Dorothea Conyers has written another novel, to be published about the middle of June by Hutchinson, called *Follow Elizabeth,* and in it we are promised many old friends from amongst the author's familiar characters, as well as vivid pen-pictures of the hunting field and Irish life.

Do you enjoy your work? If not, what hinders your enjoyment? Henri de Man has written a study of *Joy in Work,* based on reports collected from seventy-eight different persons, industrial workers and salaried employers, on the conditions that promoted their pleasure or intensified their distaste for their various occupations. This book sounds most intriguing. It has been translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Published by Allen and Unwin on June 4.

Beyond the Rockies, by Lukin Johnston, just published by Dents, is a journey book of three thousand miles' travel by trail and canoe through little-known British Columbia. It is illustrated with over fifty photographs and a map.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's final Sherlock Holmes volume, *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes,* will be published by Murray on June 20.

Mrs. David Davies (Margaret Kennedy), author of *The Constant Nymph,* has now nearly finished another novel, which will probably be ready to begin serial publication in the late autumn. She has also a play in hand that will receive her further attention, according to present plans, as soon as the novel is finished. Admirers of her work will wait impatiently for autumn to come.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

A Heart Call. By Mary L. Pendered. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
The Lighted Caravan. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
African Nights. By Rooinek. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
Shadowed Events. By Ruth Maschwitz. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
The Shadow of the Pyramid. By Dorothy Moriarty. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

My Memories. By Princess Victoria of Prussia. (Nash and Grayson: 21s.)
Bretherton. By W. F. Morris. (G. Bles: 7s. 6d.)
Scoundrels and Scallywags and Some Honest Men. By Tom Divall. (Benn: 6s.)

Lovely

TINA MELLER

Spanish Star of Cochran's Latest Revue talks of Beauty in Spain

Tina Meller

Since I have come to this country many people have been so kind as to make me compliments on my complexion. But, myself, I think that your English complexions are the most lovely I have seen anywhere. Nowhere else do you find such natural pink-and-white, such a fairness. But you are funny sometimes, I think—the time, the trouble that you take with them. I am surprised every day to see how many so busy women give up hours—but hours!—of their time to the study of their complexion. In Spain women do not go often to the Salon de Belleza—it is so tedious! And so expensive! Perhaps it is that we are more lazy than you out-door English. But in this I think it is also that we are more wise. We have more regard to the health of our skins. To me it seems that in England it is all the colour, the effect. In Spain it is the clear—the what you call "creamy"—*texture,* that we value so much. That is why the Spanish woman's "make up" is not so "complicado" as the woman of England—and that is why we still like best the quite simple beauty methods, the natural oils and perfumes, of my own country.

A Simple Way to Beauty

For myself, I have not the time, I have not the patience, for these modern treatments, so artificial. For me, it is the fresh air, the cold water, perhaps a little olive oil—and you have all my beauty treatment, as you say, in the nutshell. The olive oil is a very favourite essential of the "toilette" in Spain. They say the finest oil in the world comes from our olive groves, and Spanish women, for many hundreds of years, have used it to cleanse and to nourish their skin. Of course, we do not now put the olive oil itself on the hands and face, but the soap that most of us use is blended with it; and I think this soap is a thing that English women will welcome also; so quickly, so gently it cleanses, so many hours it saves of time and energy. When I came first to England I was afraid for my skin—my hands, in your strange climate that changes so often. But Gal toilet soap keeps them smooth as ever. That is why I am so glad when I discover that I can buy Gal in England. Myself, I do not find another olive oil soap so sweetly perfumed. None have the vague, rare perfume that so much reminds me of home.

Personality in Fragrance

THIS perfume of Gal—it is so subtle—it is tantalising, elusive—it expresses so charmingly a woman's personality. For me, I do not like soaps that are—how you say—*fuerte*—strong? They are too—it is hard to put it in English—too obvious. For my skin I like best a perfume that is just a suggestion of freshness and fragrance. And too, for me, Gal toilet soap has this very great pleasure, that it recalls to me our Spanish mountains that are so sunny and so filled with wild flowers whose fragrance I miss so much even here in your English summer which is so lovely.

Gal Toilet Soap can be obtained from all high-class departmental stores, chemists and hairdressers everywhere. Price one shilling a tablet or two shillings and ninepence for a box of three. If you find it difficult to obtain, a postcard to Perfumeria Gal (London) Ltd., Dept. 415B, 76, Strand, W.C.2, will put you in touch with your nearest source of supply.

The Complexion

will be greatly improved by using LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box; and a touch of LAROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.

THE JOY OF TENNIS

is frequently marred by the knowledge that the pleasure derived will probably be followed by the injury and discomfort of a tanned and blistered skin. This can be obviated by an application to the face, neck and hands before and after a game, of

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Free from all injurious matter, delightfully fragrant, it not only enables the skin to withstand the greatest extreme of temperature, but imparts a delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration to the user.

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Adults' size—Choice of: Horse, Swan, Crocodile, Camel, Duck, Dolphin - - **37/6**

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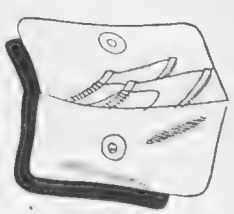

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DORCO BATHING CAPS.

DOGS

A HAND TO DOGGY VISITORS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

AMONG the summery, picnicky Dog Shows of the year one of the most popular is due to-day, Wednesday, in the Home Park at Windsor. Another, in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, comes on the 9th of next month, and will be benched and fed by Spillers, as were the Terrier Shows in Regent's Park yesterday. Spratts will bench and feed the Guildford Show next Monday, and Bournemouth's on the 26th.

AMONG the thousands of overseas visitors now in London many are bent on the acquisition of English-bred Dogs because of the prestige their quality gives them all over the world. To judge from inquiries received, some of the visitors are uncertain where to look for authentic information. Be it stated that the headquarters of British dogdom is the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, over whose porch at the Clarges Street corner stands a bronze Foxhound. The address of the Free Information Bureau is 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3. G.H.Q. of the National Dog Week organisation and the Tail-Waggers' Club is 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4. The T.W. Club claims fifty thousand happy Dogs as members, and issues its own journal. The addresses of the secretaries of five or six hundred specialist clubs, representing every breed, can be obtained from the Kennel Club, and the Free Information Bureau supplies expert advice on foods, appliances, shipping arrangements, and all doggy requirements. The address of that pleasant resort, the Dog Owners' Club, is 5, Hyde Park Place, Marble Arch.

Two English Springer Spaniels, Bunty aged 9 years, and her daughter, Buntibelle, aged 9 months They are owned by Miss M. D. Wilkinson

A DOGGY visitor from India offers this criticism:—"The Shows in England are magnificent and arrangements for the Dogs' safety and comfort first-rate, so far as I have seen. I am delighted to note the number of Children's Classes—most valuable for the education of young Dog-owners; just as the special competitions, training tests, etc., are invaluable in attracting and informing the big general public. More and more of these are wanted. But what can the promoters of societies meant to help animals be thinking of when they countenance awards for mongrels? If there were no mongrels there would be no homeless strays: a misery to themselves and a danger to all other Dogs, and to people, too. Even the most misguided sentimentalists don't try to stimulate the propagation of human half-castes, so far as I know; yet their lot is a better and happier one than that of the mongrel Dog. Surely the only humane thing is to work for the gradual elimination of the come-by-chance mongrel; never to encourage its propagation by Show prizes, etc. Dog-owners ought to boycott this."

THE *doyen* of doggy journals, *Our Dogs*, to which we owe many practical additions to canine literature, is now responsible for a completely revised and up-to-date version of the standard text-book on Poms, the late Miss Lilla Ives' "Show Pomeranians." The new illustrations include portraits of the latest champions, and, what is of even more import for the inquiring amateur of Poms, full account has been taken of the changes and progress made during recent years in the breed's standards of points and type. The revision has been carried out by a well-known authority, Mrs. Fred Thomson, and this now very serviceable little work, which is of interest to all Dog lovers, is obtainable from Our Dogs Publishing Co., Manchester.

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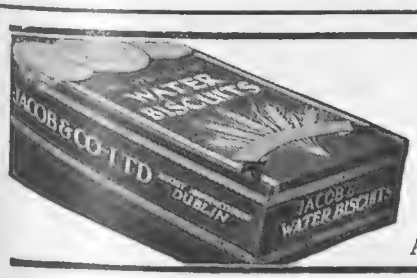

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Fish in Jelly

ABOUT a pint of stock is required for this dish, and put into it ½ oz. of gelatine, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Put these into a double saucepan and place over the fire; directly the gelatine melts whip it briskly till it boils. Let the stock simmer for nearly half an hour. Strain through a thick cloth and allow it almost to set. Take 1 lb. of cooked salmon or turbot, and slice two hard-boiled eggs. Now put a layer of jelly into a mould, then a layer of fish, the hard-boiled eggs, more jelly, fish, and so on until all the ingredients are used up; scatter chopped parsley over. Put on ice to set, and turn out and serve.

Salad of Duck

CUT the meat of the remains of a cold duck into dice or cubes, wash and clean an endive, cut it into shreds (using the white parts only), mix both, and put it in a basin, season with pepper and salt, pour over one tablespoonful of French vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of oil, and let it stand for a while. Cut two thin slices of orange (unpeeled) into quarters. Wash, trim and drain a lettuce. Line a salad bowl with the leaves of the lettuce, then put in the orange, moisten with a little mayonnaise sauce, then add the mixture above referred to, cover with a thin layer of mayonnaise, and sprinkle over with chopped parsley and chives.

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Pigeon Pie

FOUR pigeons, 1 lb. rump steak, 1 oz. butter, two hard-boiled eggs, pepper, salt, half-pint stock. Cut the steak in thin slices, season it, and put it at the bottom of the pie-dish. Cut the pigeons in halves, put a small piece of butter in each, lay them on the steak, season, sprinkle with flour; put in the slices of egg, pour in the stock, cover with crust, brush over with egg, and leave a hole in the top; scald the feet of the pigeons, skin them, put them in the hole, bake in a moderate oven one hour and a half. Add more gravy when baked.

Gooseberry Trifle

COVER the bottom of a glass dish with some sliced sponge cakes, pour some sherry over them, and leave them to soak. Meanwhile stew some gooseberries with sugar to taste, rub them through a sieve when soft, and mix a little cream with them. Put into the dish with the sponge cakes and pour a thick custard over. A little whipped cream should be put on top.

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Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.F.X. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
of Knightsbridge. S.W.1.

The Popular

LOCK-KNIT UNDIES

at

Moderate Prices

Hosiery Salon
Ground Floor

***A Useful Set** of super quality Lock-knit, prettily trimmed with inset motifs of café lace in a charming design, and bound with band of georgette with shoulder straps to match. The well-shaped knicker is finished with elastic at waist and knee. In White, Pink, Wistaria, Pervenche, Peach, Sunrise, Sahara, Beige, Puritan, Nude, Apple Green, Lemon, or Black.*

Vest Price 12/11

Knicker Price 15/11

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. **2/6** or direct—
HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

Regd. DYMUTH Trade Mark

THE CERTAIN MOTH KILLER

6d. per Tin of 12 Tablets.
6-oz. Sprinkler Drums, 1/3.
1-lb. Lever Lid Tins, 2/6.
OBTAINABLE *from all* CHEMISTS & HOUSEHOLD FURNISHERS.

MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH

DRINK MORE WATER

BERKEFELD FILTER

The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A safeguard against water impurities.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

"This is hospitality indeed!"

A remark that would come spontaneously from the lips of a visitor. She knows the delightful fragrance of "4711" Eau de Cologne.

During the heat of the day, an occasional inhaling of "4711" keeps away that tired feeling. Sprinkled on the pillow before retiring, it brings sweet, refreshing slumber.

Ask for Four-seven-eleven with a Blue and Gold Label. Made from the same recipe continuously since 1792.

Sold Everywhere.

2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 14/-, 15/-, 30/-, 36/- and 56/- per bottle.

OTHER "4711" TOILETRIES OF EXCEPTIONAL PURITY.

"4711" Vanishing Cream.
A charming foundation cream. Perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne.
Sold in Pots, 2/-. Tubes, 1/-.

"4711" Eau de Cologne Soap.
Perfumed with "4711" and made from the finest edible fats.
3 cakes in box, 2/-.

"4711" Bath Salts.
Supreme for the morning bath. Perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne. In bottles, 1/6 and 2/6 each.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

By Appointment

Woodrow
LTD.

46, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1

WOODROW HATS of refinement and distinction provide ideal wear for the functions of the present season

Price 42/-

Branches at
11, Market Street, Manchester.
8, Castle Street, Liverpool.
45, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

Prices 22/6 to 42/-

49, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.
8, Donegall Place, Belfast.
Birmingham Agents:
W. C. Richards & Co.,
67, Corporation Street.

Prices 35/- to 47/-

SCOTTISH RESORTS

Aberdeen

The "Silver City by the Sea" is a delightful blend of "town and country." There one can enjoy sea, mountain and river and yet be surrounded by all the conveniences of a modern town. The city itself contains many interesting buildings and parks, theatres and cinemas, etc., while on the splendid esplanade there has been erected a new pleasure garden and dance hall. Recreations include golf (five courses), tennis, putting, bowling, boating, bathing and fishing—trout and salmon. Balmoral, Braemar, Speyside and many other beauty spots of the Royal Highlands are within easy reach and can be conveniently visited from Aberdeen, while in the immediate vicinity there are many beautiful and pleasing walks such as that to the Brig o' Balgownie, which is reputed to be the oldest bridge in Scotland. The L.N.E.R. route to Aberdeen is *via* the famous Forth and Tay Bridges. ***Illustrated guide from Town Clerk, Dept. YB.***

Dunoon

This resort overlooks the shimmering waters of the Firth of Clyde. Recreations are golf, putting, tennis, bowling, boating, bathing and fishing. The surrounding countryside affords endless excursions by foot, motor or steamer, the variety of the last-named being a feature of a Dunoon holiday.—***Secretary, Dept. YG., Advertising Committee.***

Rothesay

A popular holiday haunt mid the glorious scenery of the Firth of Clyde. Its beautiful bay has been tastefully laid out with gardens on which there is a putting green; golf, tennis, bowling, boating and bathing can also be enjoyed. There are numerous beauty spots in proximity, while there is a wide choice of attractive steamer sailings.—***Secretary, Dept. YU., Advertising Association.***

Leven

A popular summer resort on the Firth of Forth. A bracing climate, golden sands and a beautiful first-class golf course are the primary attractions, while there is also a ladies' course and good facilities for tennis, putting, bowls, boating and fishing. Safe bathing can be enjoyed either in the sea or the open-air pond.—***Secretary, Dept. YN., Advertising Committee.***

North Berwick

Its great attraction lies in its atmosphere of vigorous freshness. Perhaps the ozone-laden breezes from the North Sea are responsible for the beauty of its beach and the pureness of its firm sands; certainly man and Nature have combined to make its three golf courses rank among the finest in the world. Tennis, bowls, fishing, boating and bathing, sea and pond can also be enjoyed.—***Town Clerk, Dept. YQ.***

Descriptive Literature will be sent on application to the address shown, or from L.N.E.R. Offices. Particulars of Tourist Tickets (issued daily), Period Excursions and Train Services, etc., at L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices and Stations.

DAINTY TEA TIME WEAR

"AILSA"

Charming Two Piece Tea Frock made in "Irene" Lace and Georgette to tone over a crêpe de Chine slip, with the long-sleeved bodice and pointed skirt finished with dainty sleeveless coat to match. In Beige, Champagne, Pink, Hyacinth, Grey, Gazelle, Green, Light Navy, Parma and Black

SPECIAL PRICE

£5 19 6

O.S. 21/- extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

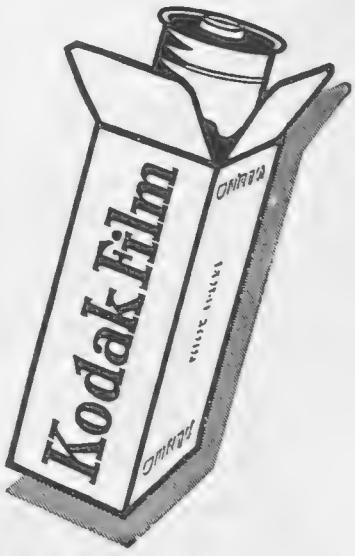
Sent on approval.

Film can be *too* fast

Have you noticed that when certain snapshots are enlarged the prints become spotty—looking almost as if they were afflicted with measles? That means that the original photographs were made with coarse-grained film, and the enlargement is merely accentuating this defect.

Coarseness of grain is one of the undesirable qualities that are associated with excessive speed. 'Kodak' film is fast, but not freakishly fast. Consequently it is possible to make it of a really fine-grain emulsion, which gives you beautifully sharp and clear definition in your originals, and perfect enlargements. When film is made faster than 'Kodak' film a coarse-grained emulsion must be employed, and your pictures suffer in consequence.

For forty years the Kodak Company have been making film. They know to the thousandth part of a second how fast film can safely be, and the film they make — the dependable film in the yellow carton — is warranted to give you all the speed you need and the best results under all conditions.



See that you get

'Kodak' film

in the yellow carton

This advertisement does not apply in America.

Number One Was Great—

Do not miss the first Scenario in the June issue for the great £1,000 Film Competition

Number Two is Brilliant!

STORIES and ARTICLES by Edgar Wallace, John Paris, A. A. Milne, Lord Birkenhead, Warwick Deeping, Dolf Wyllarde, Guy Gilpatric, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Lady Drummond Hay.

Picture Fashions and Cookery in colour and photogravure.

Complete Woman's Section — Golf, Sports, Housekeeping, Health, Beauty, &c., &c.

Children's separate magazine supplement in colour, &c., &c.

Buy the JUNE issue of the new de luxe Magazine for Men, Women—and the Children. The first number was a triumphant success. Everywhere the verdict was the same: "The most wonderful shillingsworth ever published." The second number, now on sale, is not only better—it's BRILLIANT! Make sure you get it. One Shilling monthly.

BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

British National Newspapers Ltd.

"O'ROSSEN" MODEL
FROM SWITZER, DUBLIN
A Classic Tailleur for town wear, made in Irish Tweed and English Coating

Switzers
GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN

for cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere in 1d 2d & 4d
J. Goddard & Sons, Station St., Leicester.

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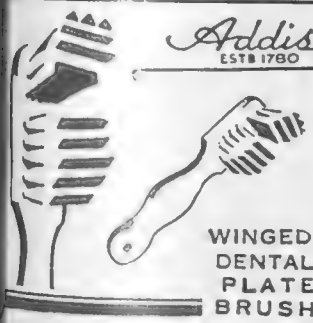
ESTB 1780



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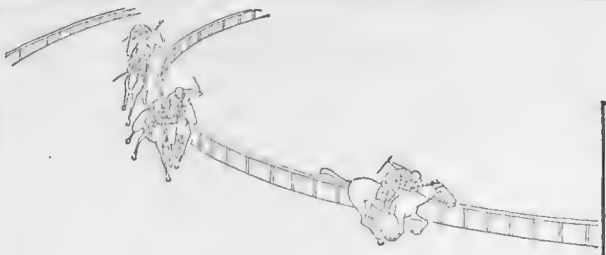
DENTAL
PLATE
BRUSH

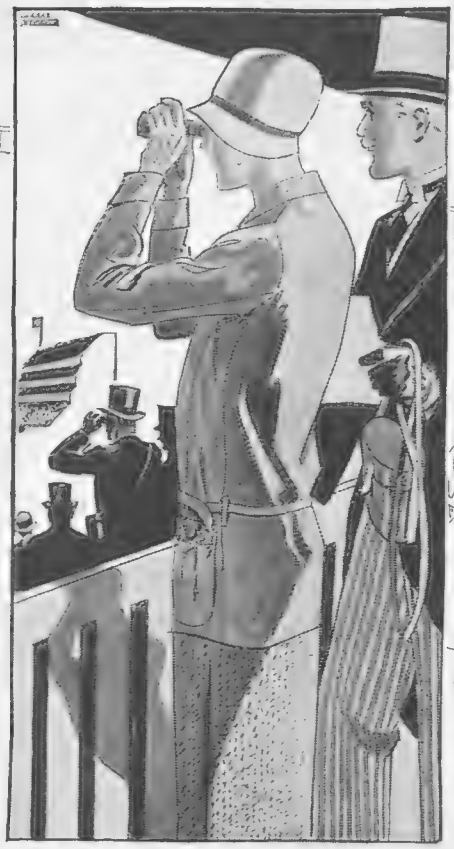
The Best Brush
for Dental Plates
is the one specially made for the job. Nothing else cleans your plate so well or so easily. It is worth while if only for the extra wear you get out of your toothbrush.

FROM Boots TIMOTHY WHITE'S
AND ALL OTHER HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS.
MADE IN ENGLAND BY ADDIS
HERTFORD



Gazelda SUPER-LEATHER
is smarter . . .
for the Races

Distinguished among the crowd of smart women you will see those leaders of fashion who have chosen Gazelda Suede Leather wear. Slim and lovely, rich in texture, in all the soft colours that this season loves—coats of exquisite Gazelda Suede are always correct, always comfortable. Gazelda keeps out the heat on hot days and the sudden chill of cool winds and does not even spot in the rain. A good brushing every day keeps it always clean and fresh. The new models by "Leather-craft of Malvern" have arrived at the shops—you will find them irresistible and unexpectedly low in price.



THE BERWICK COSTUME
Of Gazelda Suede and Scotch Tweed, the skirt hemmed with same suede as coat, from 7½ gns. See Gazelda garments at better-class shops everywhere.

Gazelda Wear
REGD TRADE MARK
by LEATHER-CRAFT of Malvern

Free catalogue of all models, cuttings of leather and names of nearest retailer from Leather-Craft, Dept. B., Malvern

STRATHSPEY
SCOTLAND
THE 700 feet above sea level.
AVIEMORE HOTEL
(Formerly Aviemore Station Hotel)
INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Standing high above the River Spey with a wonderful view of Rothiemurchus Pine Forest and the Cairngorms, the chief heights of the Grampian Mountains. In the centre of a district rich with invigorating, pine laden air. A charming resort in Spring and Summer, and an ideal touring centre for the Scottish Highlands. One of the best and most completely equipped Hotels in Scotland.

100 BEDROOMS.
PRIVATE NINE-HOLE GOLF COURSE.
HARD TENNIS COURTS. CROQUET LAWNS.

Situated on the main reconstructed North Road to Inverness. Distance from Edinburgh 149 miles and from Glasgow 140 miles. Leave Euston 7.30 p.m.—arrive Aviemore 8.45 a.m. without change.

Apply for Booklet and Particulars to C. Harrison, Manager.

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GERMANY
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Greatest comfort, moderate prices, unrivalled variety in towns and landscapes.

English spoken everywhere.
NO VISA REQUIRED.

Information and illustrated booklets for all parts of

GERMANY

from any Travel Agency, or the
German Railways Information Bureau,
17/19c Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

HILLS THAT STILL ECHO

to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; abbeys that are carven jewels of a lovelier age; hills to which heroes of Romance have turned dying eyes . . . what lover of Scott could resist such a country?

Photo] MELROSE ABBEY *[J. Valentine*

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FROM PASSENGER MANAGER L.N.E.R. LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2; OR YORK

"King's Cross for Scotland" means a shorter journey—"on lines of cushioned steel" by the swift L·N·E·R

There are a thousand holiday wonders described and richly illustrated in the

HOLIDAY HANDBOOK OF THE L.N.E.R.

1140 PAGES; PICTURES, MAPS, HINTS ON WHERE TO GO AND WHERE TO STAY

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AT BOOKSELLERS AND L.N.E.R AGENCIES

LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE

With Hercules Sheets and Pillow Cases you will be proud of your guest-room. They are so closely woven, so soft and smooth that you can simply feel their quality.

Hercules Sheets are made from the finest selected yarns, and woven so strongly that they survive innumerable tubbings unchanged.

They're not expensive, and they last—or we replace them.

Hercules
WASH & WEAR WELL

SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Good-bye to doubt and worry,
Just set your mind at ease;
For years of wear will follow care
In choosing "Hercules."

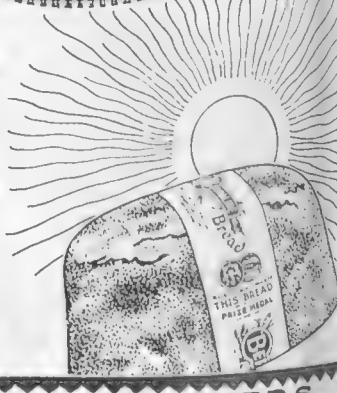
Stocked by all Drapers. Ask to see Hercules Embroidered American Sets, Hercules Towels and Hercules Pillow Cases.

Manufacturers:
JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS LTD., 50 Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.

Nourishing - Delicious "Bermaline" Bread

Ideal for SUMMER MEALS

KEEPS SO FRESH AND MOIST AND IS DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT TO EAT



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Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
N.C.C. 120 E

PETER ROBINSON

710 *711* *712* *713*

710.—Knitted Wool Jersey Suit, with stripes of contrasting colour. In saxe, fawn or sky.
Sizes: 1 2 3 years
17/9 18/9 19/9

711.—Linen Frock and Knickers. The Frock has pleated skirt and hand-embroidery on collar and pockets. In white, saxe, rose or green.
Sizes: 18 to 26 ins. All sizes 21/-

712.—Hand-knitted Pullover in plain colours with contrasting borders in pretty designs. In shades of saxe, fawn or green.
Size: 16 ins. - - - - - 25/-
Rising 2/6 each size of 2 ins., up to 20 ins.
Pleated Skirt on detachable bodice in brown or navy Serge - - - 15/-
Size: 18 ins.
Rising 1/6 each size of 2 ins., up to 26 ins.

713.—Linen Buster Suit. In shades of rose, saxe or green.
Sizes: 1 to 3 years - - - 14/3

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

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DISTINCTIVE
and
INEXPENSIVE
NEW
SUMMER
MODELS

Day and Evening Gowns & Wraps, Dance Frocks, Town, Country, & Sports Clothes, Furs & Millinery

READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR

FROM 7½ GUINEAS

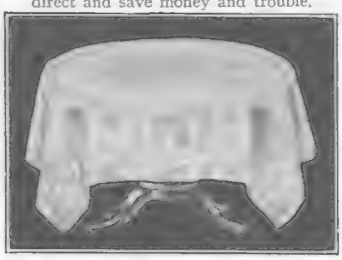
are being shown daily in our Salons at

297, OXFORD STREET
W.1.

When replying to advertisements please mention THE BYSTANDER *to ensure prompt attention.*

The Table Beautiful for 10/6

Linen from the makers costs *much* less, of course, and Robinson & Cleaver linens are backed by over 50 years' experience. Buy direct and save money and trouble.



B16. Beautiful Pure Irish Linen Table Damask. Heavy quality. Two choice designs. Hemmed ready for use. 2×2 yds. EACH 10/6
Damask Napkins to match 22×22 ins. SIX FOR 5/6

Send for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE No. 3.

Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.
Belfast
also at
REGENT ST., LONDON, & LIVERPOOL

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Soap · Ointment · Talcum · Shaving Stick

Unsurpassed in quality of the materials which enter into them and in the service they have rendered for the past fifty years. The choice of those who desire the best for preserving and beautifying the skin and hair.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d.

For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

The Island of Holid
Enchantment is
THE ISLE OF SKY
half a mile from the L.M.S. Ter
of Kyle of Lochalsh. Spend
holiday in Skye and nowhere el
home or abroad—will there
satisfy you. Impressive mo
tains, purple moors, glorious
scapes, and Holiday Hotels
every comfort and facilities
Golf, Boating, Bathing, Fish
etc. Tourist and Excursion Tick
during season by London Mid
and Scottish Railway. Illustr
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TENNIS COURTS
Reliable & Economical

"DURA" Terra Cotta Tennis Courts. Grey Green Tennis Courts. Requiring minimum of upkeep in watering and rolling. Eight "Dura" Courts are being constructed at the "Lido," Venice.

"Sovcran" Porous Hard Cou Permanent, Dus less, Faultless Unaffected by climatic Porous in all weathers. No expense. I upkeep. The l Cost is the Last

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162 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW
39 Victoria Street, - London, S.W.1
Specialists in the construction of Orna mental Gardens of Charm and Distinction

SPECIALISTS IN LUGGAGE FOR AIR, SEA, RAIL OR ROAD

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE TRUNK, which has simple hanging space, and is also fitted with a dust-proof curtain and a soiled-linen bag. The drawers are specially designed to accommodate linen, hats, shoes. All drawers can be separately locked. In smooth dark blue vulcanised fibre. Size 41" × 21" × 15".

FIXED RETAIL PRICE **12 Gns.**

A large selection of Wardrobe Trunks can always be inspected in our showrooms

LADY'S MOROCCO DRESSING CASE OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

Light in weight and containing attractive toilet requisites which **require no cleaning.** In shades of royal blue, wine, tan, green and grey. Size 18½" 12" × 5½"

PRICE **£14 10 0**

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(Debenhams, Ltd.)

70 & 71, WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

"STUDINGTON"

SUITS

for

Town and Country

The HENLEY

A perfectly tailored suit of simple line and somewhat masculine cut. Worsted suitings are ideal for this elegant production.

PRICE 8½ Gns.

MADE TO ORDER.

Patterns & Designs on request.

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81, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
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with YELLOW

Chocolate brown kid trimmed Suede-created for the yellow vogue Style 5812. 25/9

Saxone & Sorosis

229-231 Regent Street London W.1

Also at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Sheffield, etc.

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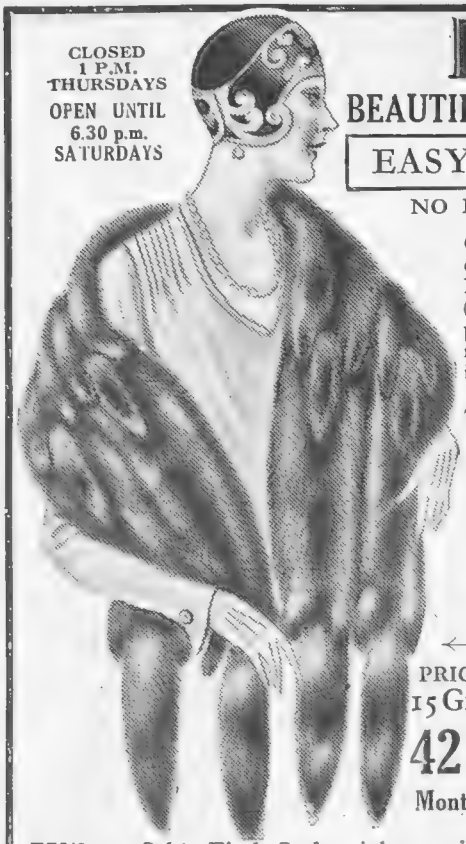
CLOSED 1 P.M. THURSDAYS
OPEN UNTIL 6.30 p.m. SATURDAYS

BEAUTIFUL FURS at SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES by

EASY OUT-OF-INCOME PAYMENTS

NO DEPOSIT. NO EXTRA.



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Telephone: 7202-3-4-5 HOLBORN

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← PRICE 15 Gns. **42/-** Monthly

BY/800. Sable Fitch Stole, eight specially selected skins of fine quality close fur. Rich in colouring and having fine pile, finished with eight tails to match.

BY/802. Effective ten Choker natural skins quality and sessing soft-great depth of anteed hard-will retain its after lengthy

← PRICE FROM 12 Gns. **36/-** Monthly

Stone Mar-Tie of two of the finest colour, posness and hair. Guar-wearing and appearance service.

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BY/801. Red Fox, well-shaped pelt, finished with beautifully mounted head and fine brush. These pelts have the natural markings and possess a deep pile.

HOLBOURNE Ltd 73-78, HIGH HOLBORN · LONDON · W.C.1

Permanent eradication of wrinkles, ageing lines around the mouth, crow's feet, scars, blemishes, removed successfully.

Eyelashes permanently dyed, **9/6**

Shingled Head, permanently waved, **35/-**

Gloria Grecian green cream is wonderful for sagging muscles, skin blemishes, etc., **4/6, 6/-.** Sample **1/-**

Consultations free on every subject appertaining to Health and Beauty.

Send for list of Arline's Gloria Vegetable Preparations

Arline

Court Hairdresser, Beauty Specialist and Plastic Surgeon,

6, Basil Street, Knightsbridge, S.W.

(2 doors from Knightsbridge Tube Station.)

'Phone: Sloane 5441.

DAINTY CLOTHES FOR TINY FOLK

Babylinen Department, Second Floor

CREPE DE CHINE COAT in pale pink with white collar and cuffs, smocked at waist, and lined white silk. Bonnet to match.

Price for set complete **69/6**

SMALL GIRL'S FROCK in floral organdi, trimmed with coloured frills to tone, and ribbon at waist. In pale shades.

Price for 16" **42/9**

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LONDON W.1

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CAIRNGORM HOTEL, AVIEMORE

Magnificent scenery and health-giving air
Grounds 2 acres. Electric Light.
Private Tennis Court.
Golf Course within easy reach
30 Bedrooms.
Boarding terms for stay over one week.
Manageress.

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Have you ever visited the real Highlands of Scotland?

Hotel beautifully situated, overlooking Loch Shin. 40 Bedrooms. Co[illegible] Sanitation. Ideal scenery. Electric [illegible] Hot baths. Large garage. Private [illegible] Excellent Fishing. Terms from [illegible]

Telephone: Lairg 13. Telegrams: "Comfort," Lairg.

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Cleans carpets [illegible] new. Tested [illegible] proved for 60 [illegible] 9d. ball. *Sample 1d.* [illegible] Chivers Ltd., [illegible] bany Works, [illegible]

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CHARMING HATS FOR THE RACES

From

WOOLLANDS

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Photos by Dudley Glanfield

GARROULDS NURSES' OUTFITS

NANNIE'S COSTUME CAN BE CHOSEN NOWHERE BETTER THAN IN THEIR NURSES' SECTION WHICH IS WELL EQUIPPED WITH

COATS, MILLINERY, DRESSES, CAPS, APRONS,

Etc.

LADIES VISITING

THE NURSES' SALOON

WILL FIND EVERY APPLIANCE AND NECESSITY FOR

THE NURSERY or SICK ROOM

Also

ABDOMINAL BELTS, ELASTIC HOSIERY, ACCOUCHEMENT REQUISITES.

The "LYNTON" COSTUME is entirely hand-tailored, and the Coat is lined Polonaise.

Made in the following materials:—

ALL WOOL GREY TWEED, 58/6 and 69/6
MOHAIR 63/-
ESTAMENE SERGE 63/-

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

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Delightful Scenery
Interesting Cities
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10 Gns. FOR 10 Days

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Every weekday

Illustrated booklets from your Local Tourist Agent, or the United Shipping Co., Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3; The Danish Tourist Bureau, Ltd., 33, Haymarket, S.W.1; Principal L·N·E·R Offices and Tourist Agencies.

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No. 70
9 Ct. £14.0.0 18 Ct. £18.0.0
Latest design in two-colour Gold. Curved to wrist.

OYSTER MODEL.

Dust proof Damp proof.

Patent Nos. 260554, 274789 and 281315

The Ideal Watch for Sportsmen.
Silver £5.15.0 9 Ct. 10 Gns. 18 Ct. 15 Gns.
Luminous Dial 5/- extra.

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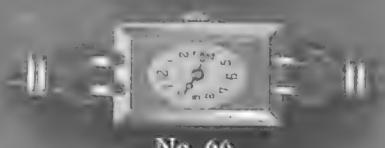

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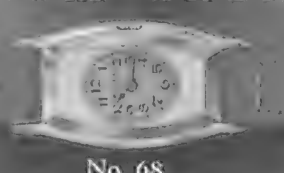

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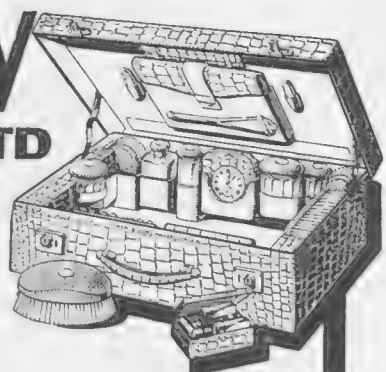

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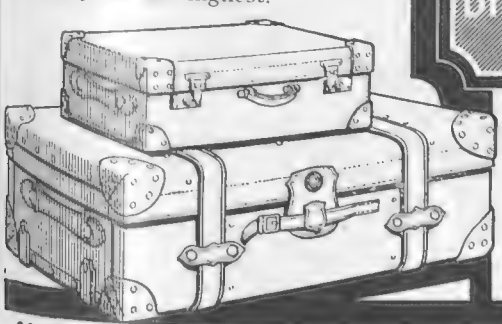

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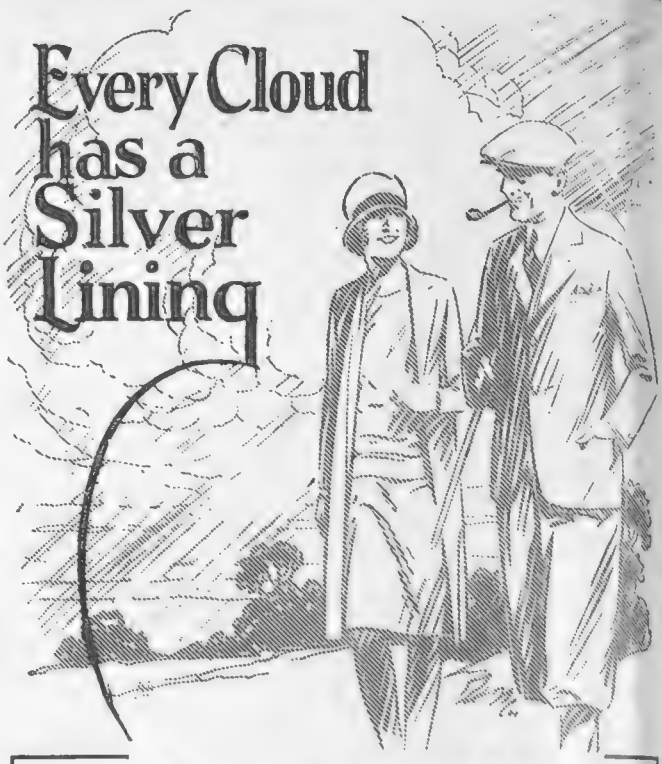

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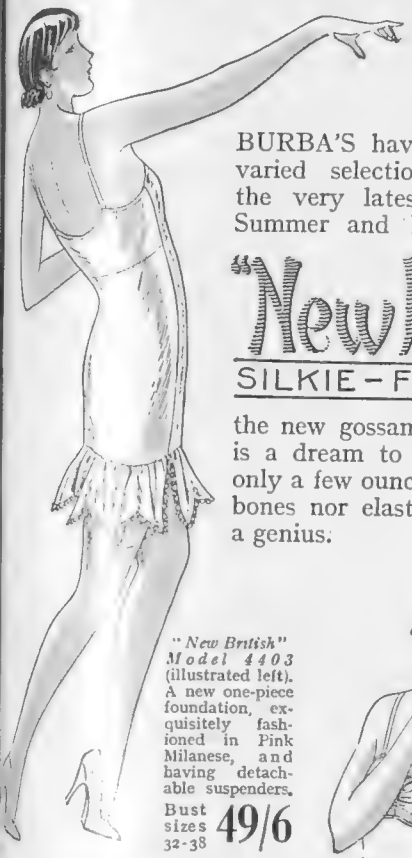

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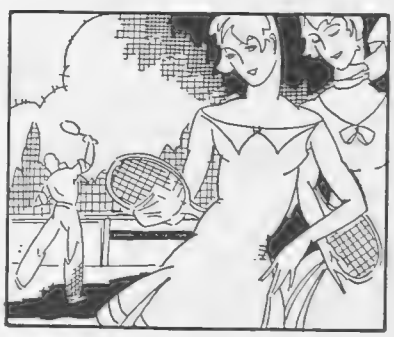

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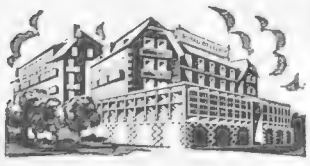

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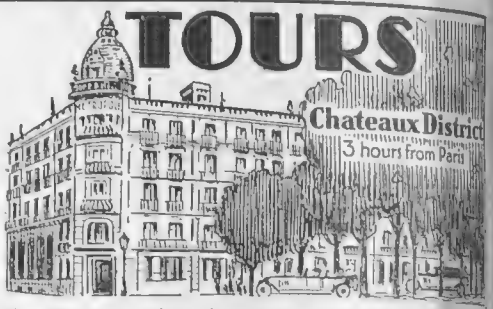

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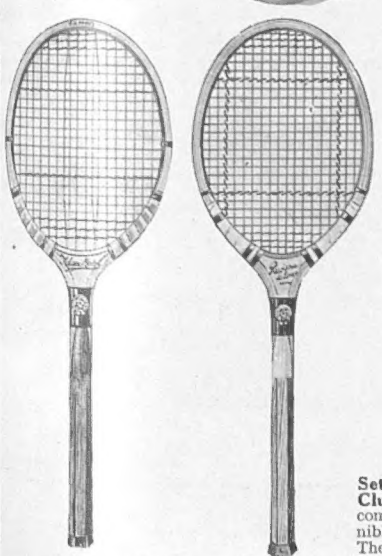

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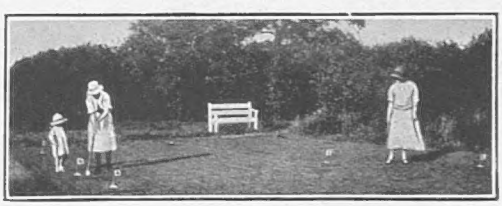

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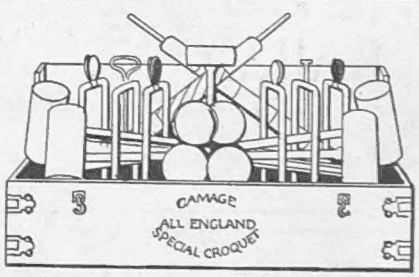

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